

THE SYSTEM
OF
COURTLY LOVE

STUDIED AS AN INTRODUCTION

TO THE VITA NUOVA OF DANTE

BY

LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT, M.S.

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY
IN THE FACULTY OF PHILOSOPHY
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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N O T E.



MANY of the deficiencies of this essay have been unavoidable, owing to the fact that books which I should have been glad to consult have been in many cases inaccessible to me. Such material as I have been unable to use, though detracting from the completeness of my study, would, I believe, hardly affect either the general conclusions reached, or any important step in the development of the argument. I take this occasion to express my thanks to Prof. Adolphe Cohn and to Prof. Henry A. Todd for many acts of kindness and for much helpful criticism.



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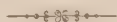
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THE SYSTEM OF COURTLY LOVE

STUDIED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE "VITA NUOVA."



I.

It is well known that Dante employed in the "Vita Nuova" a system of love which had grown up among the poets of France and Italy during the two preceding centuries, and which continued with diminishing reality and vigor to furnish topics for the versifiers of several generations of later imitators. The purpose of the present essay is to set forth the principal articles of this code, together with some indications regarding their origin and development and the modifications wrought in them by the genius of Dante when he transfigured them into the expression of his feeling for Beatrice.¹

¹ "Toute la première poésie lyrique de l'Italie dépend de celles de la Provence et de la France, et leur influence est même encore sensible, bien que le fond et la forme aient subi de profondes modifications, dans Guido Guinicelli, Dante et Pétrarque." — Gaston Paris, *Littérature du Moyen Age*, § 129.

II.

THE carols sung, while dancing at the festivals of May, by the peasant girls of Poitou and Limousin, seem to be the tiny spring from which the great stream of mediaeval lyric poetry flows.¹ These festivals, originally pagan and consecrated to Venus, celebrated the joy of spring's renewal, the gayety of youth, and the glorification of love.² Those who did not love, the jealous, and all who might give annoyance to lovers were excluded from the round.³ Young girls, escaped for the moment from the tutelage of their mothers, and young wives, freed from the authority of their husbands, hastening to the meadow, joined hands in the dance, and sang of liberty and wantonness, railing against the yoke to which they were compelled to submit.⁴ The motives of these songs, taken up, expanded, and modified by the court poets, became the themes of the conventional lyrics of the troubadours and their imitators.

Many essential traits, such as the praise of joy, youth, and spring, the abuse of marriage, the vilification of husbands,⁵ and the glorifying of love, were developed in the later art-poetry with little alteration, but the fact that these songs were the songs of women and that the art-poetry was written almost exclusively by men led to some very important changes. One of the most notable and far-reaching of these is in the relations of the lovers. These dance songs express the feminine pas-

¹ G. Paris, *Origines de la Poésie Lyrique*, p. 61.

² *id.* pp. 49, 50, and 58, 59.

³ *id.* pp. 51, 55.

⁴ *id.* p. 51.

⁵ "E si'l gilos vos bat defor,
Ben gardatz que no us bata'l cor.
Si us tai enueg, vos a lui atretal;
E ja ab vos no gazanb be per mal."

Bernart de Ventadorn, *MW.* i. p. 19, vi. See also "Reis glorios," Bartsch, *Chres.* 101-103.

sion. Even the Alba and the Pastourelle originally represented love from the woman's side.¹ In the early narrative poems, too, it is the woman who loves, the man who is absent or indifferent.² The Bele Idoine languishes, grows sick and pale, and exclaims :

"My love, it pleases me much to recall your beauty ; you are so sweet and frank, courteous and debonair, that never would you do any wrong against me. You have made me love you so much you cannot displease me, nor can my heart withdraw from love of you. Alas, what shall I do ? I am in such distress : My love, your great beauty, your good sense, your prowess have stricken me with a dart of love so that it wounds my heart ; if you do not cast it out, there is no one who can, for you have driven in both the head and the shaft."³

Oriolans complains :

"My love, wicked and evil-speaking ones make you depart too much from me :"⁴

And confesses :

"Asleep I dream that I embrace you."⁵

But in the court poetry proper, although the songs may occasionally come from a lady, we find the female heart as a rule unportrayed. Composed by men, these songs represent their feelings alone. It is they who grieve and suffer, while the object of their affection, proud and untouched, is heedless of their prayers.

The poetry of the troubadours is frankly immoral, and owes its growth to a corrupt condition of society. Marriage among the higher classes was an affair of politics or business, never of the heart, and it became a doctrine that love and matrimony

¹ G. Paris, *Origines*, chaps. iii., iv., v.

² Jeanroy, *Origines*, pp. 219-221.

³ *Le Romancero François*, Paulin Paris, p. 13, "Amis, vostre biautés."

⁴ *id.* p. 42, "Amis, trop vos font eslongier."

⁵ *id.* p. 43, "En dormant, vos cuis embracier."

were incompatible.¹ Of course, in practice matters were not so bad, but there is no mistaking the spirit of the literature. The licentious poems of Guillaume, Count of Poitiers, the oldest of the troubadours, who, as his biographer says, "*anet lonc temps per le mon per enganar las domnas*," were but the reflection of his licentious life, and both the biographies and the poems of Bernart de Ventadorn, Guillaume de Cabestaing, and many others leave no doubt as to the character of their passion. The love songs of the troubadours are, for the most part, addressed by court singers to married ladies of high rank, extolling their beauties, professing most passionate love and devotion, portraying the anguish caused by neglect and delay, and begging in the plainest terms for the alleviation of these sufferings. The physical is dwelt upon, emphasized, and kept in continued prominence, and only after the style had begun to wither do we reach more elevated thoughts and purer ideals; not the sanctified strength of youth, but the tardy repentance of old age.

The conditions just alluded to moulded the primitive elements of the lyric poetry into certain shapes which were fixed by the genius of individual singers. Others imitated and added, until the mode of love became hardened into a set of formal principles, and these were reduced to a code, an art of love, which every courtly lover must learn and practice. Of course, this was a gradual development. At first, we have merely successive troubadours imitating one another² until certain ideas became conventionalized, ready made for all new-comers. Under the influence of a group of noble ladies, these conventions grew more fine-spun, and passing to the north of France, they were taken up by Chrétien de Troies, the most original poet of his age, as a basis for endless subtleties and psychological studies

¹ Jeanroy, *Origines*, p. 19. Langlois, *Origines et sources du Roman de la Rose*, chap. i.

² Diez, *Poesie der Troub.* p. 21.

of passion. At about the same time, in imitation of Ovid and under the influence of Scholastic methods, the laws of love were systematized and codified, and this code was set forth in many books, the most important of which is the "Roman de la Rose," "où l'art d'amour est tout enclose."

III.

THE general traits of the Provençal love poetry have been adequately set forth in the works of Raynouard, Diez, and Fauriel, but for the purpose of the present investigation, it will be necessary to enter into a more detailed consideration of some points. At the beginning, we shall confine our attention almost exclusively to Bernart de Ventadorn.

From the popular lyrics this poetry retains, among other motives, the everlasting descriptions of spring, the gardens, the flowers, the birds, the joyousness of the season, sometimes in harmony with the happiness of the poet, oftener in contrast with his grief.¹ There is also a sense of the all-absorbing importance of love, as the highest good.

"Truly is every man of mean life who has not his state in joy and who does not direct his heart and his desire toward love." — *Bernart de Ventadorn*, *MW.* i. p. 31: *Ben es totz hom.*

"A man without love-making can be worth no more than an ear of corn without the grain." — *Peire d'Alvernhe*, *id.* i. 94: *Om ses domneis.*

"He is indeed dead who does not feel in his heart some sweet taste of love: and what is the use of living without love, except to be an annoyance to the people." — *Bernart de Ventadorn*, *MW.* i. 36: *Ben es mortz qui.*

Such points are characteristic. In fact, there is hardly one of these love-poems which does not exemplify them; but passing them by with this brief mention, our attention must be directed chiefly to the way in which love is represented, its causes, its progress, and its results.

As has already been pointed out, this poetry is the expression of the feelings of men; for although a lady sometimes sends

¹ *MW.* vol. i., Bernart de Ventadorn, i., ii., vi., xxi., xxv., xxvii., etc.

her chanson as a messenger to tame the pride of the most valiant one,¹ or to tell him how she spends the weary nights in sighs and tears, wounded so that no physician can cure her,² yet these are lost in the general current, and the poetry of the troubadours portrays only the feelings of the lover, while the loved one remains an adored object, without definite shape or personality, one who receives or rejects the proffered homage, and grants or withholds her love as she might grant or withhold a flower or a jewel.

One of the first points to be noted is the personification of Love, as a being of irresistible power against which it is useless to contend though it seem to drive the victim to hopeless destruction.

At first Love is invariably feminine :

"On account of Love I shall be in contention, for I can no longer keep from it, since she has fixed my affection in a place from which I can never hope for joy : rather she would readily make me hang myself, for by myself I have neither heart nor desire : but I have no power at all that can defend me against love." — *Bernart de Ventadorn, MW. i. 38 : Ab amor m'er.*

"Believe not that I shall withdraw from joy³ nor leave Love for the injury I am accustomed to have from her, for I have not power thus to take myself away ; for Love assails me so that she masters me and makes me love and wish for whomsoever she pleases ; and if I love one who ought not to favor me, the force of Love makes me perform vassalage." — *B. de V. MW. i. 44 : Ja no crezatz.*

"If I do not sin, I must love her, for Love, who has me in her power, wills it : against her will I do not wish to defend myself, nor contend against her in anything : rather must I say that I consider myself rewarded since I do all her will." — *Rambaut d'Orange, id. 68 : Amar la dei.*

Love binds the poet so that he cannot escape :

"And for all that I cannot depart an inch, so Love, which fetters me, holds me captive," — *B. de V. Bartsch, Chres. 59, 15.*

¹ Bartsch, Chres. Prov. 71.

² id. 229.

³ Joy means the exultation of the lover.

"Even when I think to free myself, I cannot, for Love holds me." — *B. de V. MW. i. 37: Ans quant ieu.*

"And what else can I do since Love takes me? And the prison in which she has put me, no key can open but pity, and of pity I find there none at all." — *B. de V. MW. i. 36: E qu'eu pues als.*

He will be his lady's vassal and servant, and do everything for her honor and benefit :

"I shall always desire her honor and her welfare, and I shall be to her vassal, friend and servant." — *B. de V. MW. i. 20: Tos temps volrai.*

"Lady, your vassal am I, and I shall be ready in your service: your vassal am I, sworn and engaged, and I shall be yours forever." — *B. de V. id. 20: Domna vostr'om sui.*

All that Love commands he will do :

"O Love, and whoever is true to you ! Do you find a greater fool than I? You will that I shall be a lover and that I shall never find favor: whatever you command me to do, I shall do, for so it is fitting, but you do not well always to make me suffer." — *B. de V. id. 37: Amors e que us es veiayre.*

But sometimes Love forgets the lover :

"I alas ! whom Love forgets, for I am out of the right path, I should have my portion of joy." — *B. de V. id. 21: Ieu las ! cui Amors.*

The poet even abuses the goddess :

"Love, I indeed pray to you to my injury, for I can have no benefit from it ; I will never flatter nor fear you, for then I should lose you ; truly he is a fool who trusts you : for with your lovely mien you have drawn me without challenge." — *B. de V. MW. i. 30: Amors, be us prec.*

But the lover is invariably penitent for his revolt, submits to all suffering, and acknowledges that the ills of love are better than all other good things :

"Of such sweet semblance is the ill, that my ill is worth more than any other good thing ; since the ill seems so good to me, good will be the weal after the pain." — *B. de V. id. 37: Tan es lo mals.*

The cause of love is the beauty of the lady, together often with her good sense, courtesy, and kindness :

"I do not wonder that love of her holds me prisoner, for a more tender body I do not believe is to be seen in the world ; beautiful is she, and white and fresh and gay and soft, and in every way just as I wish and desire ; I cannot speak ill of her, for there is none."—*B. de V. id. 20 : Nom meravilh.*

"Beautiful lady, your refined person and your beautiful eyes have conquered me, and your sweet glance and your clear complexion and your beautiful smiling mouth : and when I consider well, I do not find your equal in beauty : you are the most refined that one can choose in the world, or I do not see clearly with the eyes with which I look on you."—*B. de V. MW. 17 : Belha dompna.*

"Never did any man bear such fearful anguish as I for her ; but light is the burden when I consider her gentle blessed person, and the refined speech with which she sweetly attracted me, and her beautiful eyes, and her fresh color ; very delicately did beauty seat itself in her ; the more I regard her, the more beautiful I see her grow : God save me, for I never loved anything so much."—*B. de V. id. 39 : Anc mais nulhs hom.*

Entering the eyes,¹ this beauty penetrates to the heart and dwells there, a continual incentive to renewed desire. Chrétien de Troies, from such hints as are contained in the illustrations that follow, developed a formal doctrine on this subject, which became an essential element in the later philosophy of love. In the early poets we find the materials for the doctrine, not the doctrine itself :

"So sweet and tender to me is the sight of her and the joy which is seated in my heart, that the good hope which I have now puts forth buds, wherefore I am enriched."—*P. d'Alvernhe, id. p. 94 : Tan m'es dos.*

"Through the mouth you put into my heart a sweet kiss of fine heart-felt love, which puts joy there and casts out mortal anguish."—*B. de V. id. 20 : Per la boca.*

"This love struck me so tenderly to the heart with sweetness, a hundred times a day I die with pain, and with joy revive another hundred."—*B. de V. id. 37 : Aquest amors.*

Sometimes the passion is conceived as a flame :

¹ The eyes are incessantly spoken of by B. de V. MW. i., xvi., xviii., xxi., etc.

"Never a word of it did I know until within me was the flame which burns me more strongly than fire in a furnace." — *B. de V. id. 20: Anc no saup mot.*

The effects of love are at first suffering, sickness, almost death :

"For you are whiter than ivory, wherefore no other do I adore : if shortly I have not aid, so that my good lady should love me, by the head of Saint Gregory, I shall die, if she does not kiss me in her room or under the branches." — *G. de Poitiers, id. 2: Que plus etz blanca.*

"For you all my body aches and I cannot find medicine for it." — *J. Rudel; id. 63: Monaci,¹ p. 14: Per vos totz lo cors.*

"Indeed the sighs would have killed me." — *B. de V. id. 38: Be m'agran mort.*

"For I know well that for love I shall die." — *B. de V. id. 41: Quar ieu sai ben.*

"I bear such pain of love that to Tristan, the lover, there did not come so much suffering, for Iseut the blond." — *B. de V. id. 24: Tan trac pena.*

"Great pain, suffering and injury I have had and still have from it." — *B. de V. id. 13: Pena, dolor e dan.*

"To live is grievous to me, nor does death please me." — *Rambaut d'Orange, id. 68: Viure m'es greu.*

"Indeed, in such wise have I been wounded by this love which now refreshes me, that no physician of Provence could make or give me healing, nor medicine that should make me joyous ; nor shall there ever be a man who may describe the grievous ill that I hide within my heart." — *Rambaut d'Orange, id. 80: Be m'a nafrat.*

Weeping is good for lovers :

"If it is not agonizing, one good fit of weeping is of more weight in love than forty smiles. When on my knees I beg favor of my lady, she finds fault and throws objections in the way : and the water runs down my face, and she gives me a loving glance, and I kiss her mouth and both her eyes, then it seems to me a joy of Paradise." — *B. de V. id. 18: Mais val d'amor.*

¹ Monaci, Ancora di Jaufre Rudel, Roma, 1894.

Lovers cannot rest :

"All night I twist and toss from side to side of the bed."—*B. de V. id. 24: Tota nuit me vir.*

"Alas ! my body neither sleeps, nor rests, nor can remain in one place, nor can I endure it, if the pain is not alleviated." — *B. de V. id. 38: Las ! mos cors no dorm.*

"Alas ! how I die of desire, so that I cannot sleep morning or evening, for at night, when I go to repose, the nightingale sings and cries : and I, who used to sing, die with envy and heaviness when I see joy or happiness." — *B. de V. id. 29: Ailas ! cum muer.*

"Well do I know at night, when I undress for bed, that I shall not sleep a wink ; I lose sleep, for I take it from myself, lady, when I recall you. For wherever one has his treasure, there does he wish to keep his heart." — *B. de V. id. 19: Ben sai la nueg.*

In absence, her image is always present, and the heart or spirit is often sent to commune with her at a distance :

"Lady, if my eyes see you not, you may truly know that my heart sees you." — *B. de V. id. 19: Domna, si no us vezon.*

"When sleeping under the coverlet, my spirit is there with her." — *J. Rudel, Monaci, p. 16: Et en dormen.*

"Those who think that I am here do not know how my spirit is private and at home in her, even if the body is distant : know, the best messenger that I have from her is my thought, which recalls to me her beautiful appearance." — *B. de V. MW. i. 22: Sels qui cuion.*

His passion plunges the lover into endless contradictions, foolishness, and even madness :

"Little loves he that does not grow foolish." — *B. de V. id. 18: E pauc ama.*

"She who takes from me sense and knowledge." — *B. de V. id. 45: Silh que me tolc.*

"My heart is so full of joy that all nature is turned about. The frost seems to me white, red, and blue flowers. . . . In my heart I have so much love, joy, and sweetness that winter seems to me blossoming and the snow verdure." — *B. de V. id. 35: Tant ai mon cor.*

The force of the lady's influence extends even to others :

"Through her joy can the sick grow well, and through her anger the healthy die, and the wise man grow foolish, and the handsome man change his beauty, and the most courteous grow ill-bred, and the roughest become courtly." — *G. de Poitiers, id. 1 : Per son joy.*

In the presence of the lady the lover trembles, grows pale, and loses control over himself :

"When I see her, it seems to me that in my eyes, my face, my color, all together, I tremble with fear, as does a leaf in the wind : I have not sense enough for a child, I am so overcome by love : and to a man who is thus conquered might a lady have great charity." — *B. de V. MW. i. 36 ; Quant ieu la vey.*

Fear keeps him from showing his love and asking for hers :

"I wonder how I can endure that I should not show her my longing : when I see my lady and gaze upon her, her beautiful eyes so well befit her, I scarcely restrain myself from rushing toward her : I should do so, if it were not for fear." — *B. de V. id. 12 : Meravilh me cum puesc.*

"I love my lady so much and hold her so dear, and I so fear her and adore her, that I dare not pray to her for myself, nor say anything to her nor demand of her anything." — *B. de V. id. 12 : Tant am mi dons.*

"I am desirous of such a lady that I dare not tell her my longing, but when I gaze upon her beauty I am entirely lost ; and shall I ever have so much boldness as to dare ask her to keep me for her own, when I dare not ask her for pity ?" — *Rudel, Monaci, p. 18 : De tal dompna.*

To this fear of the loved one is added the fear of detection by others. The lady is always addressed by an assumed name (Bels Vezers, Tort n'Avetz, etc.). There is a continual abuse of tale-bearers (lausengiers) and a strong desire for secrecy :

"O God ! how good would be the love of two lovers, if it could be that never should one of those envious ones know of their affection." — *B. de V. MW. i. 28 : Ai dieus !*

"To the hard, cruel, tormenting tale-bearers, envious, low-bred, evil-speakers, I shall recite a poem that I have thought." — *Rambaut d'Orange, id. 75 : Als durs, crus, cozens.*

"But if it should please her that she should do me some benefit, I should swear to her, by herself and by my faith, that the benefit which she might do me would not be disclosed by me."—*B. de V. id. 15: Mas s'a lieys plazia.*

There is a curious blending of gallantry and religion, which to many would now seem blasphemous :

"My lady smiles upon me so sweetly that it seems to me the beautiful smile of God : and her smile makes me more joyous than if four hundred angels who wished to make me happy should smile on me."—*Ramb. d'Orange, id. 67: Mi dons ri.*

Often, indeed, the poet worships the object of his love :

"Hands joined, head bowed, I give and commend myself to you."—*B. de V. id. 41: Mas juntas, ab cap cle.*

"Lady, towards your love I join hands and adore."—*B. de V. id. 25: Domna vas vostre amor.*

There is constantly recurring expression of entire devotion to the lady, perfect submission to her will, and absolute faithfulness :

"Nothing else do I love or fear, nor shall anything ever be a grief to me, if only it may please my lady."—*B. de V. id. 34: Re mais non am.*

"Body and heart and knowledge and sense and force and power have I put in this : the rein draws me so toward love that in no other direction do I attend."—*B. de V. id. 36: Cors e cor e saber.*

"In her pleasure may it be, for I am at her mercy : if it please her to kill me, I do not complain of it at all."—*B. de V. id. 15: En son plazer.*

"I never saw any lover who loved better without deception."—*B. de V. id. 13: Anc no vi.*

"Since we were both children, I have loved her, and I praise her, and my love continues to double every day of the year : and if she does not show me love and favor before, when she shall be old I shall ask her to have good will to me."—*B. de V. id. 13: Pus forn amdui.*

"And if one dies of well loving, I shall die of it, for in my heart I bear her a love so fine and complete, that all the most loyal lovers are false in comparison with me."—*B. de V. id. 19: E si hom per ben.*

"Good lady, I demand nothing more of you than that you should take me for a servant, for I will serve you as one serves a good master, whatever be my reward: behold me at your command, frank, humble in heart, gay and courteous. Bear or lion you are not that you should kill me if I give myself to you."—*B. de V. id. 37: Bona domna.*

"And you are my first joy, and you will be the last, however long my life shall endure."—*B. de V. id. 21: E vos etz.*

Nothing is of value in comparison with this love:

"All the gold in the world and all the silver, I would have given if I had it, only that my lady might know how tenderly I love her."—*B. de V. id. 37: Tot l'aur del mon.*

"And it pleases me more to live despairing than that I should be loved by another."—*Ramb. d'Orange, id. 68: E platz mi mais.*

This devotion ennobles him who pays it. The lover becomes courteous, generous, brave, possessed of all virtues. If a warrior, he fights with greater courage; if a singer, his songs surpass all others:

"My lady would fulfil all my desires if she only granted me one kiss; for it I would make war on my neighbors, and I would be generous in giving, and I would make myself thanked and feared, and I would hold my own and adorn it."—*Cercalmont, Bartsch Chres. 49, 1.*

"Good love has one quality in common with good gold when it is fine, for whoever serves nobly becomes purified in goodness."—*Peire d'Alvernhe, id. 79, 27.*

"Singing can be of no worth if the song does not come from the heart, and song cannot move from the heart if fine, heartfelt love is not there; for this reason is my singing the best; for in joy of love I have and keep my mouth and eyes and heart and mind."—*B. de V. MW. i. 33: Chantars no pot.*

"It is no wonder if I sing better than any other singer; for my heart is more drawn toward love and I am more completely at her command."—*B. de V. id. 36: Non es meravelha.*

The lady's influence benefits all who approach her:

"My Bels Vezers, by you God does such wonders that one does not see you without becoming heir to the agreeable things you know how to say and do."—*B. de V. id. 21: Mos Bels Vezers, per vos.*

Notwithstanding all these fine thoughts, these poets do not long merely for the ideal. They beg for pity, call the lady proud and merciless, and waste their spirits in complaining:

"My lady who does not deign to hear me, and holds my heart so that I cannot attend elsewhere."—*Ramb. d'Orange*, *id.* 68 : *Ma domna que no.*

"Lady, what do you think to do to me who love you so? Why do you make me suffer so and die of desire?"—*B. de V. id.* 22 : *Dona, que cuidatz.*

"Mercy is truly lost, and I never knew it, for she who ought most to have it, has none at all; where then shall I seek it?"—*B. de V. id.* 33 : *Merces es perduda.*

"Great trouble it is, and great annoyance always to cry for mercy; but Love, which is fastened within me, cannot cover or conceal herself."—*B. de V. id.* 38 : *Grans enueitz es.*

This passion has its end in the full, though secret and unlawful, gratification of every desire, and this the poets beg for in the most outspoken and unambiguous terms, which contrast strangely with the artificial exaggeration of the other conceits:

"She should not have toward me a cruel or savage heart, nor believe against me evil counsel, for I am her liegeman, wherever I am, so that from the best of me I pledge her my faith; with hands joined I come to her will; and I will never move from her feet till she in mercy places me where she undresses."—*B. de V. MW.* 1, 45 : *Ja no m'aia.* See also Monaci's *Rudel*, p. 14.

It will be observed that most of these citations are from Bernart de Ventadorn, he being the most prolific and influential of the early troubadours.¹ Written before the crust of

¹ He is also one of whom the Chansonniers Français have preserved a large number of pieces. Romania, 1893, p. 373. *Id.* p. 90, we read:

"Il paraît bien que tout ce mouvement littéraire se rattache principalement au séjour de Bernart de Ventadour auprès de la reine Aliénor et à l'influence de celle-ci et de sa fille Marie de Champagne. Il n'y a rien d'étonnant à ce que ces deux dames aient joué un rôle aussi important dans la transplantation d'une poésie où la femme domine avec une puissance si souveraine."—*Les Poésies Provençales conservées par des Chansonniers Français*, L. Gauchat.

convention had hardened over the lyric art of Provence,¹ his songs in spite of the traditional elements they contain, are the expression of natural passion. There is nothing in them that a lover might not feel. The power of love ruling over life, the pains, the complaints, the dreams of his lady's beauty, the fear of her displeasure, the submission to her will, the magnifying of her worth, the ennobling influence of her personality, — these ideas have an enduring basis in the human heart. The exaltation of his lady and the humiliation of himself would naturally be exaggerated by the circumstance that he, a poor singer, was addressing Eleanore, Countess of Aquitaine and Queen first of France and then of England.² But from this time forward, the poems of the troubadours grew more artificial. Always imitating the songs of his predecessors, each lover was obliged to pass through the same emotional experience. Good form forbade the omission of a single element. The same ideas recur in the same order. All the songs grow alike. Each new one is but a wearisome repetition of those which have gone before, and the originality of the singers is spent upon the invention of increasingly exaggerated conceits to express the intensity of their passion and the completeness of their devotion—an intensity and a completeness which can hardly be thought to hold the mirror up to nature.

This exaggeration makes its first notable appearance in the songs of Peire Rogier. The refinement of manners, the respect

¹ "Egli fu dei primi, il terzo in ordine di tempo, dei trovatori de' quali ci è rimasto memoria: *trovava* dunque prima che la maniera consuetudinaria indurasse la sua crosta sopra ed intorno a quella leggera arte occitanica. Perciò raccoglie più netto e rispecchia più immediato l'ideale della poesia trovadorica." — Carducci, *Un Poeta d'Amore del Secolo XII: Nuova Antologia*, Serie 2^a, vol. 25.

² "Il fallait qu'entre l'object de ces amours et le poète il y eût toute la distance qui séparait un pauvre vassal de la femme ou de la parente d'un seigneur, pour que la poésie amoureuse prît tout d'abord ce caractère réservé et respectueux qu'elle a conservé depuis, même en des cas où la cause qui avait commandé ce respect et cette réserve n'existait plus." — P. Meyer, *Romania*, 1876, p. 261. Vide also MW. i. 136, 149, 291.

paid to woman, the theory of the ennobling power of love, and the expansion of this love into a science and a code, developed under the influence of a group of high-born ladies,¹ quoted by André le Chapelain as judges in the Courts of Love, among whom the most influential seem to have been Eleanore of Poitiers, her daughter Marie de Champagne, and Ermengarde de Narbonne. Eleanore was the patroness of Bernart de Ventadorn and the inspiration of his songs; Marie moulded the spirit of Chrétien de Troies, and at the court of Ermengarde, Peire Rogier spent the most active years of his literary career. This high-minded countess, who presided over her own courts of law and led her army to battle, willingly received the homage of the poet, but kept him at a distance and never allowed him to overstep the limits of propriety.² His songs, therefore, breathe respectful devotion, rather than earnest passion, and his profession of love, based upon earlier models and following the development already marked out, becomes artificial and intellectual, a play of fancy, an exaggeration of dimly felt sentiments, an exercise of courtly compliment.

A few quotations will illustrate the changed tone of these poems. In praise of her beauty and virtue, we have the following :

"No man who ever saw her will say that one could choose another such beautiful lady : no one sees her who does not wonder, for her beauty is so resplendent that, to him who looks upon her with a just eye, night becomes clear, fine day." — *MW. i. 119* : and *Appel 60* : *Ja no dira*.

"I can never at any time fail in good verse while I sing of my lady : how could I say anything ill ? For no one is so ill-bred that, though rough, he does not become courteous if he speaks with her a word or two. Wherefore know it is indeed true that whatever I say well I have entirely from her." — *MW. 123* ; *A. 54* : *Ges non puesc*.

Distance cannot separate him from her :

¹ Gaston Paris, *Lit. Fr. au M. A.* p. 96.

² Diez, *Leben und Werke*, pp. 79, 80.

"Afar I am truly near her, for no one can separate lovers, if their hearts desire to feel together : All that is brought me from her is good ; when the wind blows thence, I love it more than when another receives me close to her."—*MW. 119; A. 59: De luenh li suy.*

He sends his heart and mind to her :

"But if I am indeed far from you, I have sent you my heart and mind : so that I am not where thou seest me ; and the good I have is all from her."—*MW. 124: Mais si be m'estau.*¹

He suffers, sighs, wavers between joy and grief, but clings to his pain as preferable to other happiness :

"Grievous is it to me to suffer the great ills and the pains which I have from her, from whom my heart cannot return to me : yet other love does not please me, nor is any joy sweet or good to me, nor do I wish it should be promised to me ; for if I should have won a hundred, I should prize nothing at all but what I have from her."—*MW. 124; A. 56: Greus m'es lo mals.*

But,

"Little loves he who does not suffer the pride, the ill, the wrong and the injury."—*MW. 122; A. 51: Pauc pren d'Amor.*

In the end the joy conquers the grief :

"Sorrow and joy have so divided me between them that sorrow takes from me appetite and sleep, and joy makes me laugh and rejoice ; but the sorrow passes away in consolation and the joy remains, whence I am joyous on account of a love that I love and wish for."—*MW. 118; A. 58: Entr'ira e joy.*

"Little heed I the ill, for the good conquers it, since I rejoice more than I sorrow."—*MW. 119; A. 59: Pauc pres lo mal.*

Merely to see his lady makes him happy :

"From my lady I have laughter and smiles, and I am foolish if I demand more of her ; rather should I have great joy now. God save me ! have I not benefit when I only see her ? from seeing I am happy and joyous."—*MW. 117; A. 45: De midons ai.*

¹ Appel rejects this stanza.

There is not to be found in his poems the passionate begging for pity and relief. In the songs that have been preserved, he mentions the end of his desires once,¹ in the conventional form, but his doctrine is that the faithful lover ought to suffer in peace till his lady of her own free will relieves him :

"For Love wishes such lovers as can suffer in peace, pride and great haughtiness. . . . For this reason I am dumb, and have of Love as much as I wish : for if she treats me very ill, when another complains I remain silent. Although my pain is great, I suffer till she alleviates it with some delight, whatsoever she wishes."—*MW.* 120 ; *A.* 39 : *Qu' Amors uol.*

Thus he has never spoken of his love, but rejoices simply to have the privilege of loving her, even though she does not know it :

"Never did I or any other tell her this, nor did she know my desire ; but secretly do I love her as much, by the faith I owe her, as if she had made me her lover : and it does not trouble me that I should be one of six that love her. Then shall I love that which I have not ? Yes, for when it is not a reality, I have from it just as much joy and reward and I am just as happy and joyous as though it were true."

"Of all lovers I am the most faithful, for I neither speak nor send anything to my lady, nor demand of her gentle act nor gracious look. Wherever I am, I am her lover, and I pay her court, all covertly and secretly and quietly. So she does not know the good she does me, nor how I have through her joy and reward. It is not fitting that the envious should know that I am her lover in secret."—*MW.* i. 117, 118 ; *A.* 45, 46 : *Anc ieu ni autre.*

What a distance from the spirit of Bernart de Ventadorn !

In conformity with this attitude, the mistress is elevated into a position of absolute and unapproachable preëminence. A good lover should believe no evil of her even if he sees it with his own eyes :

"A good lover ought not to believe a witness or even what his eyes see of any failing whereby he knows that his lady betrays him : what she says

¹*MW.* i. 120—iii.

she has done elsewhere he should believe, although she does not swear it, and what he has seen, he must dismiss from his mind." — *MW. 119; A. 38; Bos drutz non deu.*

For her sake he prefers dishonor, rather than honor :

"I prefer thirty dishonors to an honor if it takes her from me : for I am a man of such nature that I wish no honor but her benefit." — *MW. 120; A. 39: Mais uuelh trenta.*

His devotion and his submission to her will are absolute :

"For her love I live and her love has released me from prison ; and her love has put upon me a rein so that I move not toward other ladies, since she holds me back ; and through her love I have all my heart joyous ; and I leave sorrow, and it pleases me when I can serve, and the long desires for her are of more worth than if I had all my will of another. I send the song and wish that it should be presented to my *Tort n'Avetz*, if it please her that she deign to hear it, for all the world ought to obey her, since more than any other lady, she seeks to maintain high worthiness." — *MG. iii. 1056; A. 50: Per s'amor uiu.*

"Of nothing else but her do I think or meditate or have desire or longing, how I can serve her and do all that is good for her and that pleases her ; for I do not believe that I was meant for anything else but to do for her what pleases her : I know well that all I do for love of her is honor and benefit to me." — *MW. 123; A. 55: De ren als non pens.*

"For love of her I live, and if I should die so that it should be said that I died loving, Love would have done me so great honor, that I know and believe she never did greater to any lover. You judge, lady, and impose obligations ; for if I fear and suffer and even die for you, it is joy and reward to me : from you I find all ills benefit, damage advantage, folly sense, wrongs justice and right." — *MW. 118; A. 46: Per s'amor uiu.*

In such verses we have traveled far from the passionate longings of Bernart de Ventadorn toward that ideal of courtly love which is first fully set forth in Chrétien's *Roman de la Charrette*,¹ a work which owes its spirit and motive to Marie de Champagne. She developed and consummated the progress already begun, and at her court the code of chivalrous courtship

¹ G. Paris, Romania, xviii.

was fixed and formulated. It can hardly be doubted that the songs of Peire Rogier, composed under the inspiration of Ermengarde de Narbonne, were a most important influence in refining this conception, in subtilizing the conceits in which it was expressed, and, above all, in exalting the lady who was the object of this passion to a position of absolute preëminence and power over the lover, so that he must obey her least desire and prefer to bear every evil rather than displease her.¹

NOTE.

The idea of the complete submission of the lover to his lady, and his preference, for her sake, of dishonor above honor,² is so striking that the probability in favor of its being borrowed by one poet from another is stronger than that in favor of its being simultaneously invented by both. Peire Rogier is the only one of the early troubadours who sings in this strain, and none who wrote after the year 1170 could have influenced Chrétien's work. It is rather Chrétien who would have influenced them. Besides the adoption of such prominent ideas, another indication that Chrétien was influenced by Peire Rogier is furnished by a trick of style common to the two. Among the verses of the Provençal poet we have the following :

Dompn'ay. — non ay. — ia'n suy ieu fis ! —
 no suy, quar no m'en puesc iauzir. —
 tot m'en iauzirai, quan que tir. —
 oc, ben leu, mas sempre n'a tort. —
 tort n'a? qu'ai dig ! boca, tu mens
 e dis contra midons erguelh. —
A. 58; MW. i. 118.

Cosselh n'ai. — qual? — uelh m'en partir. —
 no far ! — si faray — quers ton dan. —

¹ See note at the end of this chapter.

² See p. 20, and pp. 41, 42.

que'n puesc als? — uols t'en ben iauzir? —
 oc mout. — crei mi. — era diguatz. —
 sias humils, francs, larcx e pros. —
 si'm fai mal? — sufr'en patz. — suy pres? —
 tu oc, s'amar uols; mas si'm cres,
 aissi't poiras iauzir de liey.

*A. 57; MW. i. 124.*¹

The subjoined parallel passages are chosen from Chrétien's *Cligès*:

- l. 665 : Ne sai ? Si faz, jel cuit savoir,
 Cest mal me fait Amors avoir.
 Comant ? Set donc Armors mal feire? . . .
- l. 679 : Que ferai donc ? Retreirai m'an ?
 Je cuit que je feroie san,
 Meis ne sai, comant je le face. . . .
- l. 691 : Et si te plains ? Don n'as tu tort ?
 Nenil, qu'il m'a navré si fort
 Que jusqu'au cuer m'a son dart treit,
 N'ancor ne l'a a lui treit.
 Comant le t'a donc treit el cors,
 Quant la plaie ne pert de fors ?
 Ce me diras, savoir le vuel !
 Par ou le t'a il treit ? Par l'uel.
 Par l'uel ? Si ne le t'a crevé ?
 An l'uel ne m'a il rien grevé,
 Meis el cuer me grieve formant. . . .
- l. 997 : Comant ? Proierai le je donques ?
 Nenil. Por quoi ? Ce n'avint onques
 Que fame tel forfait feist. . . .
- l. 1392 : Que dirai je, fait ele, primes ?
 Apeleraï le par son non
 Ou par ami ? Ami ? Je non.
 Comant donc ? Par son non l'apele !
 Deus ! ja'st la parole si bele
 Et tant douce d'ami nomer.
 Se je l'osoie ami clamer —

¹ See also Appel p. 49 : Si ioy non ai : and 52 : Membra'm aras. For a song in the same manner by G. de Saint-Didier, vide MW. ii. 51.

Osoie? Qui le me chalonge?
 Ce que je cuit dire mançonge.
 Mançonge? Ne sai que sera,
 Meis se je mant, moi pesera.

That the form quoted from Peire Rogier is the earlier appears from its greater simplicity, Chrétien employing this device for most elaborate subtleties. Furthermore it seems to have been invented for its effectiveness when presented before an audience by a singer, as is indicated, in the passages cited, by the choppy movement of the verses, with the flowing cadence at the end. The performer could make the answers back and forth dramatically effective, and the conclusion would seem clearly to settle the dispute.¹ Chrétien, on the contrary, transforms this lyric character for the purpose of representing with greater vividness a conflict of thoughts. It is moreover significant that this form does not occur in *Erec*, but makes its first appearance in *Cligès*, the poem which, as we shall find,² opens the series of those works in which Chrétien elaborates the doctrines of courtly love. There seems therefore reason to suppose that the court poet of Marie de Champagne owes several characteristics to the favorite singer of Ermengarde de Narbonne, that he indeed borrowed from him one often-used trick of style, together with the doctrine, set forth so emphatically in *La Charrette*, that in every point, and to the sacrifice of his most precious hopes, the knight must yield to his lady's slightest whim.

¹ The lyrics of the troubadours were meant to be sung. In Chrétien's day romances were read, see Hist. Lit. t. xxx. 17 : A. de Marueil sang well, we are told, and also read romances well. MW. i. 148.

² vide p. 28.

IV.

SPRINGING forth in the earliest troubadours, expanding with power in the songs of Bernart de Ventadorn, becoming more delicate, exaggerated, and fanciful in Peire Rogier, the sentiments of courtly love attain their full growth in the epics of Chrétien de Troies. He is the preëminent poetic representative of chivalry. Love and adventure are his themes, and his imagination adorned the court of Arthur with the brilliance of achievement and refinement of manners which made the cavaliers of the Round Table the ideal models of mediaeval knight-hood.

Chrétien is, first and foremost, a love-poet. He seems to have been the earliest singer of the north to imitate the Provençal lyrics and to adopt their theories.¹ He sings that

"All good things come from love."²

that

"No one, if he is not courteous and wise, can learn anything of love :"³
and

"As long as I live, I wish to be in your keeping, without ever parting, for in the world there is not your peer, and all good things are entirely in you."⁴

His translations of Ovid and his romance of Tristan, all unhappily lost, show by their subjects a similar tendency, and *Erec*, *Cligès*, *Le Conte de la Charrette*, and *Yvain* find their most important motives in the same all-absorbing passion.

In comparison with the later poems, the spirit and manners

¹ G. Paris, Lit. Fr. du M. A. § 125.

² Wackernagel, Altfranz. Lieder, Basel, 1846, p. 16.

³ id. p. 15.

⁴ id. p. 17.

in his romance of *Erec* are rough, often brutal. The tale narrates how Erec wins Enide in a tournament and then, lost in love for her, neglects to achieve fresh knightly honors, until he becomes an object of general scorn. One morning he sees his bride weeping over his shame and, on learning the cause of her tears, he falls into a jealous rage and takes her forth with him in quest of adventures, commanding her never to turn or speak to him, no matter what may happen. As each new danger approaches, she disobeys his command, until, convinced of the faithfulness of her love, he becomes reconciled to her and joyfully leads her back to his kingdom.¹ The mere outline of the story shows how far it is removed from the courtly ideal that we have found in the early troubadours.

The modern reader is especially struck by the prominence given to the physical aspects of passion,² a prominence found very generally in mediæval poetry. Of itself this would hardly indicate lack of courtly polish, for we have observed the same trait in the lyrics of the troubadours, and even in the later romances it does not disappear. But the bluntness of speech in *Erec* implies a primitive roughness of manners which is incompatible with the courtesy held in such high respect by the knights and ladies who amused themselves with mimic Courts of Love.³

¹ The reader of Tennyson will recognize the story of Geraint and Enid.

² See particularly Foerster's *Erec*, p. 77.

³ Note, for example, the absence of reticence and modesty in Enide's words, l. 3398-9. Guinevere in *La Charrette* expresses herself in the same way, but she is speaking to herself, not to a lover. It is interesting to compare this animalism with that in a widely known contemporary work, *Huon de Bordeaux*; for, although in the *Chanson de Geste*, the love story plays but a small part, in comparison with its importance in Chrétien's romance, there is enough of it to show the contrast between the wild impulses portrayed by unsophisticated poets and the refined feelings of the courtly school. See *Huon de Bordeaux* (F. Guessard & C. Grandmaison, *Anciens Poètes de la France*), p. 170, the reason given by Esclarimond for fainting: p. 202, Huon's violent passion. Such a comparison reveals to us the reason that the poets prized courtesy so highly, particularly in relation to love.

In direct contrast to the courtly conceptions is the position here assigned to woman. We have seen her exalted by Bernart de Ventadorn and Peire Rogier to a supremacy which gives her absolute authority over her lover. Here, on the contrary, it is Erec who has the authority, and Enide who is obliged to obey.¹ She is given to him by her father, and although he loves her greatly, in his own way, as is shown by his acts, by his words, and by his provision for her welfare in case of his own death, yet he violently threatens her, tells her directly that she lies (2537), and compels her to submit to the severest hardships on account of his jealous whim. Meanwhile she is perfectly docile and patient. In the same spirit, the Count Galoain (p. 120) plunges bluntly into his proposition to make her his *amie* and *dame de tote ma terre*; and, on her refusal, he becomes brutally enraged, threatening to slay Erec before her eyes and to take her by force. Further on (p. 171) the Count of Limors, believing Erec dead, marries her against her will, consoling her, not only by *proiere*, but also by *menacier*, telling her that grief will not revive a dead husband, and holding up wealth and rank as an inducement. When she still persists in her disconsolate sorrow, he grows angry and strikes her in the face (4824).² But what most vividly exhibits the man's superiority in position is the scene of reconciliation (p. 176). After all Enide's sufferings from Erec's jealousy, one would expect that it must be he who would beg forgiveness of her. On the contrary, he magnanimously grants her his pardon. "I see that you love me perfectly, and I shall henceforth be wholly at your command, as I was before, and if you have said anything against me wrongly, I pardon you." Enide accepts this gracious forgiveness with unalloyed joy.

¹ Erec is a prince: Enide the daughter of a poor knight. In the relation of the troubadours to their ladies, this was reversed. So in the case of Guinevere and Lancelot, which furnished the general model.

² This is parallel to the action of the *gilos* in the Provençal poetry. — B. de V. MW. i. 19, vi.; but these singers treat it as an abomination.

Courtly love was declared incompatible with marriage: the subject of *Erec* is conjugal love, and the poet indicates an ideal of the inexhaustible affection of a wife and of the unity of the married state, rare in his age. "He loves me much and I him more" (6306), says Enide, "so that love could not be greater": and when (p. 168) the Count of Limors inquires whether she is Erec's wife or his *amie*, she answers: "Both, sir." Nothing could be further from the code of André le Chapelain.

But although in spirit this poem is thus removed from the ideals of the troubadours, it contains many traces of chivalrous sentiment. The description of Enide's beauty is in the exaggerated courtly style (p. 16): Nature had put all her desire upon the work and was surprised that once only she could make so beautiful a creature, for she could not do it again. Her hair was golden, shining over a forehead whiter than the fleur-de-lis, her cheeks were fresh and red, her eyes two stars. God never knew how to make more perfectly nose, mouth, and eyes. Her wisdom, moreover, was greater than her beauty.

Furthermore, each knight has an *amie* whose honor he is bound to maintain. The custom of the kiss given by him who has captured the white stag to the most beautiful lady of the court, would, as Gauvain tells Arthur, cause endless disputes and fighting, for (295) "each would by chivalry maintain that his mistress is the most beautiful in the hall." And the adventure in which Erec won his bride is of like nature. A falcon is offered as a prize to the most beautiful lady, and to prove, each that his *amie* surpasses all others, the knights contend in a tournament.¹ It needs to be noted further merely that the good qualities of Erec are (p. 168) *biautez*, *proesce*, *savoirs*, and *largesce*, and that his love for Enide gives him boldness enough to conquer any living man (p. 209).

Chrétien's next poem, *Cligès*, offers a most striking contrast to *Erec* in almost every respect, for in it we find fully devel-

¹ André le Chapelain borrows this incident.

oped nearly all the subtleties with which mediaeval poets decked out their theories of love. Such a sudden change of tone must be largely ascribed to external influences. Doubtless Chrétien had in the interval become acquainted with the love-songs of the troubadours, or at least with those of Bernart de Ventadorn and Peire Rogier. But he does not merely reproduce their thoughts. With an originality which left its trace on all succeeding amourists, he develops tenuous ideas with amazing delicacy and subtlety, theorizes over causes, as one trained in the Scholastic Logic, and studies profoundly the impulses and movements of the human heart.

In *Cligès* we have two narratives : the first of Alexander, the second of his son Cligès. Alexander, son of the Emperor of Constantinople, leaves his native city vowing that he will receive knighthood only from the hands of the renowned Arthur. In Britain, he loves the Queen's maid, Soredamors, and after accomplishing astounding feats of valor, he wins her hand. The fruit of their union, Cligès, wrongfully kept from his heritage by his uncle, accompanies that monarch when he visits Germany to demand the Emperor's daughter Fenice in marriage. This maiden and Cligès love at first sight, but she is obliged to espouse the uncle. By means of a magic potion compounded by her old nurse, however, she deceives him and remains virgin. During an absence of Cligès in Great Britain, their love becomes so intense that, upon his return, a declaration ensues and Cligès, by the aid of a second magic potion of the old nurse, like that used by Juliet, gives Fenice the appearance of death, while he carries her away. After some further adventures, he gains his throne and lives afterwards happily with his beautiful wife. In both stories, the space is about evenly divided between accounts of fighting and of love-making, but love furnishes the motive of the plots, and upon it the poet dwells with special pleasure.

The manners in *Cligès* are manifestly more refined than in

Erec. Ladies are always treated with respect. Guinevere has rights even as against the king (1350). There is no such violence as we find in the earlier poem. Even when Fenice is captured, she is not maltreated. Above all, the lovers have a fine delicacy of sentiment. Erec had no scruples about demanding the hand of Enide from her father, but when Arthur promises Alexander anything that he may demand excepting his crown and queen (2220), that hero does not dare ask for Soredamors in fear of displeasing her, for he would rather suffer without her than possess her against her will. This conception, which belongs to the equipment of Peire Rogier, undoubtedly owes its origin to the noble ladies whom these poets designed to please.

There is here presented, perhaps for the first time, a system or philosophy of love. Part of this is derived from the troubadours, part from other sources, but much seems to have been contributed by Chrétien himself. There is no reference to others as authority in matters of love-lore. Fenice tells her old nurse (3145) that she would rather be torn in pieces than remind the world of Iseut and Tristan, a shame to recount. She could not live the life of Iseut, whose body was given to two, but her heart all to one: for her part, whoever has her heart shall also have her body. And when Cligès suggests flight to Britain (5300), saying that she would be received there as gladly as Helen when she was brought to Troy, she refuses to go, because in all the world it would be spoken of them as of Iseut the blonde and Tristan. These passages show how little thought there is of fashioning a system by reference to earlier works. This reference to authorities is of later origin. Yet Chrétien, perhaps because of his acquaintance with Ovid, speaks as though there were in existence a body of doctrine and a code of laws to regulate love affairs. Such an idea had not yet occurred to the troubadours. It is true that Rambaut D'Orange writes:

"I know well enough how to speak of love for the benefit of other lovers, but for my own good, which is dearer to me, I know not how to speak or tell anything at all."¹

The half-humorous poem thus introduced is, however, of such a character as to show that, although there was a conventional spirit for lovers to cultivate, there was as yet no distinct set of formal principles, no Art of Love. But in *Cligès* it is otherwise. Of Thessala, Fenice's old nurse, it is said (3095):

"She was very wise in love and all its usage."

And later the poet addresses a question to those learned in love (3865):

"You who are wise in love, who maintain faithfully the customs and the usage of his court, and never broke his law, whatever might befall you."

Here already are the conceptions of the Court of the God of Love, the attendance of the faithful, and the observance of law.

In setting forth the system of Chrétien, the same plan will be followed as in the previous analysis.

Love is a resistless God. It is to be noted that Love is almost always represented as an external power ruling the individual. It is not the lover who acts, but Love.

l. 456 : Love makes Soredamors suffer and avenges the pride that she manifested toward him. He has wounded her in the heart with his dart (461). She pales and quivers, and loves in spite of herself.

l. 528 : She thinks to defend herself against love but cannot.

l. 925 : There is no defence against love.

l. 3011 : "She whom love has in his power."

l. 4430 : "Love who gives me all to him."

Love is a master and a teacher :

l. 667 : Alexander finds him cruel, a master who heavily afflicts his vassals. Shall he withdraw? He knows not how. If love chastises him to teach him, ought he to disdain his master (682)? No, he ought to cherish the pain, for great good can come of it.

¹ MW. i. 71, vi.

l. 947 : Soredamors — Love will teach her and she will serve perfectly. "Love would wish, and I wish, that I should be wise and without pride and gentle and lovely to all for the sake of a single lovable one."

l. 865 : "Let Love do with me as he will, for so he ought with his own." Alexander would rather keep his ills and never be healed, if the health come not from the same source whence came the sickness.

l. 3879 : "As a servant ought to fear his lord when he commands, so ought all true lovers to fear Love, for they make him their lord and master."

l. 3889 : They owe him reverence, fear, and honor.

The cause of love is beauty. Chrétien is prodigal of exaggerated descriptions of both masculine and feminine beauty. The type he prefers is the blond.

Alexander is tormented by Soredamors' beauty (622), and it is his beauty which she delights to see and would increase if she could (901).

l. 2815 : The cause of love is beauty.

l. 2730 : Fenice is without equal in beauty, a miracle the like of which nature could never again make. The poet will not describe arms, body, head or hands, because if he had a thousand years to live and each day doubled his sense, he must lose his time before he could say the truth.

l. 2760 : Cligès is more beautiful than Narcissus, with hair of fine gold, face a fresh rose, nose and mouth beautiful, large of stature. Fenice thinks him more beautiful than herself (4416).

This beauty enters the eyes and strikes to the heart. The slight traces of this doctrine found in earlier writers were developed by Chrétien with such subtlety, that it became an essential element of the theory of love. All the later poets employ it, and Huon de Meri alludes to it as the property of Chrétien.¹

In *Cligès* it is completely set forth :

l. 592 : Lovers delight to feed their eyes on each other.

l. 924 : Soredamors' eyes wish never to leave Alexander.

l. 465 : Soredamors cannot refrain from looking at Alexander. Now it pleases her, now annoys her ; now she wishes it, now she revolts (472).

¹ Huon de Meri, *Tournoiment de l'Antecrit*, p. 77. (Col. de poètes de Cham.)

She accuses her eyes of treason (474). "By you has my heart come to hate me, which used to be faithful to me" (476). What she sees troubles her. Can she not turn her eyes away? It would be vain to try, she cannot rule her eyes (484). By turning her eyes away she could guard herself from Love, who wishes to rule her (486). But one cannot love with the eyes (500). In what, then, have her eyes wronged her? Nothing. She herself is to blame; her eyes regard only that which pleases her heart (507).

l. 693 : The dart of Love has penetrated to Alexander's heart. But how, since no wound appears on the outside? Through the eyes (700). The dart passes through the eye without injuring it or causing pain, enters the heart and there wounds grievously. How? The eye is the mirror of the heart, and the heart is like a lantern that shines while the light burns. As the sun pierces glass without breaking it, so can the heart be reached through the eyes.

What is this dart (770)? The pennon is made of the golden tresses he saw. The rest is of transparent forehead, eyes, nose, rose and lily cheeks, laughing mouth, teeth, chin, ears, ivory throat, bosom whiter than snow. The remainder of the dart he has not seen, as it is sheathed in the maiden's dress.

In *Cligès* the parts of the body are often treated as though they were separate personalities :

l. 754 : Alexander thought he had three friends, his heart and his two eyes ; but they have become his enemies. His servants do their own will, not his. Thus Love, by corrupting his attendants, overcomes him.

l. 2809 : Fenice and Cligès exchange eyes at first meeting. His eyes he gives her and takes hers. She has given him eyes and heart (2817) and he has given his. But no one can give his heart. This question is discussed physiologically and psychologically with astonishing minuteness.

The sending of the heart to the loved one is developed with great subtlety :

l. 4457 : Cligès has robbed Fenice of her heart, which goes away and will not remain with her, it hates her so much (4490). Her heart will never leave his, but will follow it in secret. His is lord, hers servant : therefore it must do its lord's will.

l. 5180 : Cligès' body is in Britain without the heart, like the bark of a tree without the pulp. His heart has returned to Greece. Fenice had never traveled, but her heart had gone to Britain with Cligès.

The queen sees in the love of Alexander and Soredamors that of two hearts they have made one (2296).

The effects of love are at first sickness, which is manifested by pallor of countenance :

l. 870 : Love a sickness. l. 3084 : "I am sweetly sick."

l. 541 : The queen sees Alexander and Soredamors grow pale, but thinks it sea-sickness.

l. 2996 : Fenice loses color. Thessala perceives it and asks what malady she has (3011).

l. 592 : Lovers like to feed their eyes upon each other because it pleases them, but it really intensifies their pain.

l. 637 : Alexander calls his love a sickness of which he can never be cured by any medicine, herb or root. But he lies, he could be entirely cured if he dared speak to the physician.

l. 3101 : All other sicknesses are bitter : Love turns bitterness to sweetness.

Their passion robs lovers of their repose and fills them with contradictory impulses and thoughts :

l. 621 : No repose at night.

l. 877 : Soredamors does not sleep or rest at night. Weeps and complains. Love has put in her heart a conflict and a torment. See also 472-3.

l. 510 : The desire of Soredamors' heart gives her pain. "Am I mad," she asks, "to desire what wounds me?" So she struggles, one moment loves, the next hates.

l. 897 "Fool," she says, "what is it to me if he is sage, courteous, valorous, beautiful?"

l. 933 : Love has so carried her away that she is foolish and confused.

l. 626 : Alexander calls himself a fool for loving and not daring to speak. He is a fool who feels his sickness and does not seek health (637).

l. 3070 : "My pain is different from all others. It pleases and hurts ; my sorrow is my desire. I am sweetly ill" (3084).

In fact, lovers become fools : indeed, Love makes the wise foolish (1643).

In absence, Love pictures the loved one (618). The lover cannot repose, so much he delights to recall her beauty.

Lovers fear to confess their passion :

l. 575 : Neither Alexander nor Soredamors dares speak.

l. 2280 : It is the Queen who discovers their love and tells them they do wrong to kill one another with concealment, thus making a homicide of Love (2300).

l. 3827 : Neither Cligès nor Fenice dares speak, though it is a good opportunity. They speak with their eyes, though their tongues are cowards (3835). Fenice dares not openly tell even Thessala, her nurse (3050).

This fear springs partly from bashfulness, partly from dread of refusal :

l. 602 : From shame they conceal their love. It burns like coals under the ashes. But they hide their anguish by false semblant. At night, however, the plaint is great.

l. 995 : Soredamors would like to tell Alexander, but she feels shame. She will hint.

l. 628 : Alexander dares not speak, fearing matters would grow worse ; he conceals his pain, and dares not call for aid.

l. 3827 : Both Fenice and Cligès fear refusal.

l. 2222 : Alexander fears to displease Soredamors : he would rather suffer than have her against her will (2227-8).

This fear leads to trembling, confusion, and loss of sense, when the lovers are in each other's presence. This becomes one of the most artificial conventions of mediaeval gallantry.

l. 1580 : Alexander is pleased when Soredamors is so near that he could touch her, but he dares only look. All his sense fails when she comes so near, and she is so confused that she has no control of her eyes, but casts them to earth (1587).

l. 3835 : Though Fenice and Cligès speak with their eyes, their tongues are cowards. This is to be expected of a maid, but why in him who is bold for her sake everywhere? Whence this fear of a mere maid? Matters are upside down. The hare chases the dogs, the stag the lion, etc. (3859). "But the will comes to me that I should tell the reason why it happens to fine lovers that sense and hardihood fail them to say what they think, when they have opportunity and place and time." Was there ever a lover who did not tremble and pale before the loved one? Whoever does not so pale and tremble and lose sense and memory, seeks like a thief. For a servant who fears not his lord does not hold him in honor. A servant ought to tremble with fear when his lord commands, and whoever com-

mends himself to Love makes him his lord and master, and ought to have much reverence, to fear and honor him much if he wishes to be of his court. "Love without dread and without fear is fire without flame and without heat" (3893-4). "He who would love, must fear, or if not, he cannot love : but he fears only the one he loves, and for her he is everywhere bold" (3901-4).

We here catch a glimpse of a principle of the love philosophy in the making. What wonder if, after all that irrefragable logic, every lover found it requisite to tremble and lose self-control in the presence of his mistress !

In *Cligès* the love becomes a kind of adoration, implying a superiority in the loved object, and, on the part of the one who loves, a desire to serve.

l. 4416 : Fenice asks : "Is he not better than I, more beautiful, etc.?"

l. 4566 : She praises him. Her heart is the servant of his.

Soredamors has embroidered one of her golden hairs in the garment which the Queen presents to Alexander for the ceremony of knighting. If he had known that the hair was there, he would have loved it so much that he would not have taken the whole world in exchange for it (1194). "Rather he would have made of it, I believe, a holy thing, and would have adored it day and night." When he learns that the hair is in the garment (1617), he can scarcely refrain from bowing down and adoring it, even though the Queen is present.

The effect of this passion upon the character is to render the lady affable and gentle, the knight valiant and generous.

l. 953 : Soredamors is gentle to all for his sake.

l. 3756 : Cligès is happy to be able to do deeds of valor before her who gives him life.

l. 4100 : Cligès falls in battle with the Duke of Saxony : Fenice faints with a shriek. Her voice gives him force and heart, and he overcomes his opponent.

l. 4566 : Cligès is such a knight, says Fenice, that his service will improve the servant. "Whoever commends himself to a worthy man is bad if he does not grow better near him" (4573-4).

Here we have another example of a metaphysical foundation lent by Chrétien to a principle of the love philosophy.

The end of their love is possession, but a trifling token becomes of immense value to the lover.

l. 1563 : Soredamors finds such delight in looking upon Alexander that she would not exchange it for paradise.

1631 : Alexander has the garment with Soredamors' hair embroidered in it ; is glad to have so much of his mistress, but never expects more. All night in secret he kisses and embraces the cloak, and, when he gazes at the hair, he thinks himself lord of the whole world.

Yet in spite of this exaltation, he says he has loved in vain if she does not grant him his wish ; and Soredamors says :

l. 1035 : "If he does not love me, I have sowed on the sea, but still I will love him" (1046).

Here, too, the physical and material are constantly in the foreground.

In this poem we see a striking progress toward the conceptions of chivalrous love. This is apparent in the greater refinement of manners and sentiments portrayed, in the intensity and all-absorbing interest of love, and especially in the metaphysical theorizing upon the nature and the manifestations of passion in the forms sanctioned by convention. In addition to the examples already given, it will be useful to call attention to two further cases of subtilizing. In line 2822, there is a characteristic explanation of the saying that the two hearts were in one. As two hearts cannot really dwell in one body, this form of speech is shown to mean that both desire the same thing. And in line 962, Soredamors puns upon her name, and draws from it many fantastic conclusions.¹

Notwithstanding the progress above noted toward the conceptions of chivalrous love, the sentiment in this poem differs

¹ Attention may be directed to *Vita Nuova*, § xxv., explanations of forms of speech ; and § xxiv., the punning upon Primavera and Giovanna. Also to the constant double sense of Beatrice.

in some most important respects from that ideal. In the first place, the feelings of both sexes are portrayed. Soredamors and Fenice love equally with Alexander and Cligès, and their passion produces in them like pains, contradictions, and virtues. They exalt the object of their affection, dream of his beauty, desire to serve him and to be worthy of him (4416). This is a stage of development midway between those early pieces in which the love of the woman alone was set forth and those later ones in which she has become a superior being, a mere object of adoration.

A second departure from the conception of the chivalrous system is the end of this passion. Alexander aspires to the hand of Soredamors, and Queen Guinevere brings them together in a marriage, such as Chrétien delighted to represent, one in which their love may long endure (2307). "She has her love and he his, he all her, and she all him" (2348-9). In the case of Cligès and Fenice there is a closer approach to the courtly mode, for Fenice is already the wife of the Emperor-uncle of her lover, but the device by which she preserves her virginity emphasizes the departure from the customary intrigue. Her body goes only with her heart (3163 and 5220), and in the end, Cligès has made his love his wife (6753), but he continues to love her as his *amic* and she loves him as one ought to love her *ami*.

The characteristics of chivalrous love lacking in *Cligès* are forcibly presented in *Le Chevalier de la Charrette*. This poem, composed under the inspiration of Marie de Champagne, who furnished the author both the story and the spirit of the recital (see opening lines), is almost entirely devoted to one aspect of this artificial passion, the complete subservience of the lover and the unquestioned superiority of the lady he loves, an aspect which we found already developed in the lyrics of Peire Rogier. Bernart de Ventadorn had written love-poems to a queen and Peire Rogier to a countess, and Marie, daughter of a queen and herself a countess, impressed the same spirit upon Chrétien

when she gave him as a topic the passion of Launcelot for his Queen, Guinevere, and when he undertook to set forth her ideas, *Come cil qui est suens antiers* (4).

Chivalrous love was an artificial creation of court life. What natural qualities it possessed, were soon buried under a mass of conventions. The course of passion was directed by precedent, and these precedents were established by poets who wrote under the inspiration of princesses, and by the noble ladies themselves in the decisions rendered by them in the mock trials at their Courts of Love. What wonder, then, that the fundamental article of these laws became the absolute submission of the lover to his lady's every whim, accompanied by an attitude of worship which made the slightest token connected with her an object of adoration and which sapped his powers and destroyed his senses when he came into her presence !

The natural fears and trembling of the lover, his natural desire to serve and please the object of his passion, were exaggerated and overlaid with a very pedantry of sentimentality. In *Cligès*, though Chrétien covers his lovers' feelings with a tinsel of metaphysical subtlety, he is still mainly within the limits of the possible. In *La Charrette*, the *sen* furnished by his *dame de Champagne* drives him to the absurd. That it was her influence, and not his own impulse, seems clear from the fact that in *Yvain*, in spite of the prominent supernatural element, he again portrays character and sentiment more closely in accordance with nature.

The *Roman de la Charrette* narrates the adventures of Launcelot in an expedition undertaken by him to recover Queen Guinevere, who had been carried away by a neighboring prince. His prowess and his inexhaustible patience win for him the reward which alone he desires, the favor of the Queen. The rest of the poem shows that after, as before, their secret interview, Launcelot continues absolutely faithful, submissive, and valorous.

In this poem, the personification of love, the vassalage of lovers, beauty striking through the eyes to the heart, the suffering and sickness, visions and contradictions are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. When introduced at all, it is only to give added force to the main motive. The piece is exclusively devoted to setting forth and heightening by every device of exaggeration, the submissive devotion of the lover and the absolute authority of the lady beloved.

For example, the personality of Love is thus referred to by Launcelot :

l. 4365 : " But I believe I know so much of love that I ought not to hold myself more vile, — if she loved me and called me true love, — when for her it seemed to me honor to do whatever Love willed, even to mount upon the cart. She ought to account this love, and it is the true proof. Love thus tries her own, thus knows her own."

The heart and eyes : The Queen, having refused to receive Launcelot after all his sacrifices for her sake, goes to her chamber.

l. 3970 : " And Launcelot accompanies her to the door with his eyes and his heart. But to the eyes the way was short, for the room was too near : and they would have entered after her willingly enough if they could. The heart, which is more sire and master and of much greater power, went in after her, and the eyes are left outside, full of tears, with the body."

When he leaves the Queen,

l. 4677 : " The body goes, the heart remains."

The wound of love appears in 1336 seq.

But these examples simply prepare us for the main theme. Launcelot's love absorbs and destroys all other consciousness :

ll. 709-24 : " And he of the cart thinks as one who has no force nor defence against Love, who rules him ; and his thought is such that he forgets himself, nor knows whether or not he exists, nor remembers his name, nor knows if he is armed or not, nor knows whither he goes nor whence he comes : he remembers no person at all except one alone, and for her has forgotten the others. Of her alone he thinks so much that he neither hears nor sees nor is sensible of anything."

He is so absorbed that he does not see an enemy or hear his shouts until he is overthrown (744).

When he sees the Queen he loses sense completely. He would plunge from the window of a tower to reach her :

l. 62 : "He never ceases to gaze at her very attentively, and much it pleased him as long as he could : and when he could see her no longer, he wished to plunge down and cast his body below."

During a mortal combat, he remains without power of movement to gaze at her, while his enemy showers blows upon him (3675).

He worships his lady. In his search for her he finds a comb containing some golden hairs. A damsel tells him they are Guinevere's :

l. 1424 : "When he hears it, he has not so much strength but that he needs sink : he had to support himself on the pommel of his saddle, so that she thought he had fainted. . . . (1435) He had in his heart such pain that, for a long time, he lost speech and color."

The damsel asks him for the comb :

l. 1458 : "He gives it to her and takes out the hairs so gently that he breaks none of them. Never will the eyes of man see anything so honored, as when he commences to adore them : fully one hundred thousand times he touches them to his eyes and to his mouth and to his forehead and to his face. . . . (1668) In his bosom near the heart he puts them between his shirt and his flesh."

He prizes them above the richest gems (1470), the rarest remedies, the most powerful relics. The purest gold, compared with them, would be as night compared with summer noon (1494). We have the same adoration when Launcelot approaches the Queen at their secret meeting :

l. 4652 : "He adores her and bows down to her, for in no holy body does he so believe."

His passion makes the lover obedient :

l. 3798 : "He who loves is very obedient and does very quickly and willingly, when he is *amis antiers*, whatever should please his *amie*."

The lover must keep himself from shame and reproach. It was considered shameful for any knight to mount upon a cart. Launcelot, however, can reach the Queen only by undergoing this disgrace.

l. 365 : "But a reason that springs from love tells him that he should keep from mounting. It teaches him that he should do and undertake nothing from which he should have shame and reproach."

But love conquers even shame :

l. 372 : "But Love dwells in his heart who commands him that he should mount quickly in the cart. Love wills it and he jumps in, for he cares nothing for the shame since Love commands and wills it."

His submission must be absolute and immediate. A moment's delay or revolt may prove fatal. After all the hardships endured in Guinevere's behalf, after the perfect faithfulness of his love in most trying circumstances (1206), after the shame and the taunts borne for her sake,¹ after demonstrating his perfect obedience,² he enters her presence and she does not deign to look at him. To the remonstrance of her host she answers :

l. 3945 : "I, sire? He cannot please me : I do not care to see him."

l. 3960 : "Lo, Launcelot dumfounded ! but he answers nobly like a perfect lover : 'Lady, truly this pains me, nor dare I ask your reason.' And although he can imagine no cause for her anger, he remains perfectly submissive : 'I am at her command.'"

So too, later, when she has granted him her confidence, he says of this inexplicable reception :

l. 4476 : "You nearly gave me death, nor had I boldness enough to dare ask you about it, as now I do. Lady, now I am ready to make amends, if you only tell me the fault because of which I have been much troubled."

¹ Again and again the disgrace of the Charrette is emphasized. Launcelot is ill received, the people mock him ; one knight whom he conquers chooses death rather than bear such dishonor (2775).

² When she commands him to cease fighting, he stops at once, though his opponent continues to strike (3805).

And she then deigns to explain her action :

l. 4484 : " How then, had you not shame at the cart ? and dreaded, so that you hated to mount in it, when you delayed two steps. For this, indeed, I wished neither to speak to you nor to look at you."

This petty reason is sufficient, and the knight begs for pardon :

l. 4490 : " May God guard me, he said, from such ill-doing again ! And may God never have pity on me, if you are not perfectly right. Lady, for God's sake, now receive from me amends, and if you ever can pardon me, say to me : ' Love, you are entirely absolved.' Then said the Queen, ' I pardon you fully.' "

This pardon means the consummation of his desires, as is very fully set forth by the poet (4515, 4575, 4681). But Launcelot's submission does not cease when he is accepted by Guinevere. He continues to obey every whim of his mistress, no matter what it may cost him. Although he has sworn before God to have no mercy upon Meleaguant, he stops fighting the instant Guinevere wishes it. Most precious to a knight was his honor. We have seen how Launcelot sacrificed this to obtain the Queen's good graces. He continues to love dishonor rather than honor, when she wills it. His most ardent wish was to attend Arthur's tournament and win renown, but the Queen by a messenger commands him to allow himself to be overcome, and he flees before his opponent (5655). The knights, even the women, taunt him ; everything that can sting him is said ; but he continues to obey his lady's whim, saying to her messenger :

l. 5890 : " Now tell her there is nothing that it grieves me to do, if it pleases her, for whatever pleases her I wish."

He does not even need to hear her wishes ; he guesses them before they are uttered (5655 and 5889). No wonder the damsel on her return to Guinevere says :

l. 5908 : "Lady, I never saw a knight so debonair, for he wishes so entirely to do all you command, that to tell you the truth, it seems the same to him, be it good or evil."

Love gives the knight magnanimity, force, and a large self-contained confidence. Meeting a damsel in the forest, Gauvain promises her *all in his power* if she will tell him tidings of the Queen, but Launcelot does more :

l. 627 : "And he who had been on the cart says, not that he promises her all in his power, but adds, as one whom Love makes rich and powerful and hardy, that without let or fear he promises whatever she wishes and puts himself all in her will."

In the first combat with Meleaguant, one of the Queen's maids thinks, that if Launcelot should know that Guinevere sees him, it would give him *force et hardimant* (3645); so she calls to him. But when he turns and sees (3672) "the being of all the world that most he wished to see," he remains rapt and is felled by Meleaguant. Then, getting his opponent between himself and the Queen, he fights with redoubled force.

l. 3720 : "And his force and hardihood grow, for Love gives him great assistance."

Every time that he pursues his foe to a position from which he can no longer see his lady, he must return.

l. 3748 : "And always he stops before the Queen, his lady, who put into his heart the flame, wherefore he gazes at her."

It was pointed out above that the love in *Cligès* is that of youths and maidens, which has its end in marriage. In *La Charrette*, it is an illegitimate passion which ends in clandestine interviews. The concealment which, in the former poem, was merely the natural reticence of bashfulness, induced by fear of displeasing the loved one, has here become a requisite of prudence (4507, 4535, 6835), and results from fear of detection. In *Cligès*, also, the passion of both sexes was equally repre-

sented. In *La Charrette*, on the contrary, it is merely the devotion of Launcelot. The Queen does not display the least emotion until she hears the false report of her lover's death. Then indeed she breaks forth in lamentations, and resolves never again to eat or drink, "if it be true that he is dead for whose life she lived" (4174). She wishes that she had held him in her arms once before he died (4224). It is a pain to live, he being dead, yet she will find it a pleasure to suffer for him (4237). Finally she rejoices at his return to Arthur's court :

l. 6828 : " It nearly happened that her body followed her heart. Where then is her heart? It kisses and caresses Launcelot."

In her usual impassiveness she is the type of the *amie* of chivalry, a being to be loved, adored, and obeyed. Her rôle is that of a capricious, domineering, reserved mistress, who subjects her devoted cavalier to every hardship in order that she may rejoice in his fidelity.

The chief personage portrayed in this relationship is, however, the cavalier, and Launcelot is the perfect cavalier as conceived by the court of Marie de Champagne. His character has been so fully and so admirably portrayed by M. Gaston Paris in his study of *La Charrette*¹ that the passage will be quoted entire:

" Il ne recule jamais devant aucun péril, il est trois fois vainqueur de Méléaguant, il remporte comme en se jouant le prix du tournoi. Sa générosité égale sa vaillance : il permet à un vaincu de reprendre ses armes et de recommencer la lutte. Fidèle à sa parole jusqu'au scrupule, il partage, malgré sa répugnance, la couche de la demoiselle à qui il l'a promis, et revient dans la prison dont on l'a laissé sortir sur son engagement. Mais, à la différence de son ami Gauvain, toutes ses actions, toutes ses pensées, sont dominées par l'amour qu'il porte à Guenièvre. Cet amour est une sorte de fascination et en même temps d'idolâtrie qui ne le laisse maître, en dehors de ce sentiment, d'aucune partie de son être. Il n'est rien qu'il ne brave pour arracher Guenièvre à son ravisseur. En la voyant passer

¹ Romania, 1883, p. 517.

du haut d'une fenêtre qui domine un abîme, il s'élance vers elle et se précipiterait s'il n'était retenu. Il ne peut avoir pour l'amour de toute autre femme que de l'aversion. En voyant le peigne où sont restés quelques cheveux d'elle, ce guerrier que rien ne fait pâlir tombe en défaillance. Pour les cheveux qu'il a dérobés il donnerait tous les trésors. Sa vue inopinée le plonge dans une telle extase qu'il ne sait plus ce qu'il fait et manque se laisser vaincre. Soumis près d'elle comme un enfant, après l'avoir sauvée à travers mille dangers, il s'incline devant un mauvais accueil dont il ne comprend pas la cause et se contente de gémir. Quand il croit qu'elle a péri, la vie ne lui semble pas un instant supportable, et il cherche à se procurer immédiatement la mort. Il lui sacrifie plus que la vie, l'honneur : il est vrai qu'avant de monter dans la charrette infamante, il a une minute d'hésitation, mais il reconnaît plus tard qu'il a été coupable, et, quand par la suite elle lui impose ce qui peut être pour lui le plus pénible, l'apparence de la couardise, il ne balance plus un moment, et par deux fois se laisse honnir sans murmurer. Il ne semble pas d'ailleurs qu'il ait l'ombre d'un scrupule sur ses relations avec elle, et que ce chevalier loyal entre tous se reproche la trahison qu'il commet envers son noble seigneur, le roi Artu. L'amour règne dans son âme avec une tyrannie sans nul contre-poids ; il y est le principe des actions les plus hardies et les plus nobles, comme il le fait passer par-dessus toutes les considérations, même de gloire et de conscience. C'est le type absolu de l'amoureux tel qu'il a longtemps été conçu dans la poésie, et rêvé, sinon réalisé, dans la vie."

From the same essay is quoted the following statement of chivalrous love as conceived in this poem :¹

" Les principaux caractères de l'amour ainsi entendu sont les suivants :

1° Il est illégitime, furtif. On ne conçoit pas de rapports pareils entre mari et femme ; la crainte perpétuelle de l'amant de perdre sa maîtresse, de ne plus être digne d'elle, de lui déplaire en quoi que ce soit, ne peut se concilier avec la possession calme et publique ; c'est au don sans cesse révocable d'elle-même, au sacrifice énorme qu'elle a fait, au risque qu'elle court constamment, que la femme doit la supériorité que l'amant lui reconnaît.

2° A cause de cela l'amant est toujours devant la femme dans une position inférieure, dans une timidité que rien ne rassure, dans un perpétuel tremblement, bien qu'il soit d'ailleurs en toutes rencontres le plus hardi des guerriers. Elle, au contraire, tout en l'aimant sincèrement, se montre avec

¹ Rom. 1883, p. 518.

lui capricieuse, souvent injuste, hautaine, dédaigneuse ; elle lui fait sentir à chaque moment qu'il peut la perdre et qu'à la moindre faute contre le code de l'amour il la perdra.

3° Pour être digne de la tendresse qu'il souhaite ou qu'il a déjà obtenue, il accomplit toutes les prouesses imaginables, et elle de son côté songe toujours à le rendre meilleur, à le faire plus "valoir" ; ses caprices apparents, ses rigueurs passagères, ont même d'ordinaire ce but, et ne sont que des moyens ou de raffiner son amour ou d'exalter son courage.

4° Enfin, et c'est ce qui résume tout le reste, l'amour est un art, une science, une vertu, qui a ses règles tout comme la chevalerie ou la courtoisie, règles qu'on possède et qu'on applique mieux à mesure qu'on a fait plus de progrès, et auxquelles on ne doit pas manquer sous peine d'être jugé indigne."

Such is the hero and such the passion portrayed. It has already been shown that the purpose of *La Charrette* is to emphasize the submission and devotion of the lover and the supremacy of the lady of his heart. In the courtly society which nurtured and developed chivalry, this relation became firmly established. Originating in the homage paid by humble poets to ladies of high rank, insisted upon by these ladies themselves and unalterably fixed by the narrative of the fictitious love of Launcelot for his Queen, it became one of the most firmly settled articles of the code of gallantry. Every knight and every poet became the humble servitor of his lady. Her will was the highest law, her pleasure absolutely right and just. But, important as it became, this was nevertheless only a part of the code. Other maxims, whose development we have been tracing, were no less obligatory. The lover must be the vassal of Love, must follow his advice and obey his commands, must find his penalties sweeter than other rewards, must suffer pain and sickness almost to death, must be plunged in contradictions, lose his reason, tremble and pale in his lady's presence, dwell in thoughts of her and have her image ever before his mind. These notions are perhaps taken for granted in *La Charrette*. At any rate, they are not all expressly laid

down. To comprehend the doctrines of love developed by Chrétien, *Cligès* is a necessary companion to *La Charrette*.

The whole matter is summed up in *Yvain*, the knight with the lion. It is true that in one point Chrétien now departs from the courtly conception. In that code love was declared incompatible with marriage. It must be unlawful in order to be fashionably correct. But Chrétien was of too honest a nature to be pleased with such a relationship. In *Erec* and *Cligès* his ideal is the perfect union of two hearts in matrimony. Fenice is even made to repeat her condemnation of Tristan and Iseut.¹ It may be, therefore, that distaste for his subject caused the poet to leave *La Charrette* unfinished, while in *Yvain* he proceeds to present the most refined courtly love, with all its subtleties, as existing between husband and wife. The lady still retains her superiority, a notion which perhaps a mediaeval audience found too fantastic even for fiction and for which the poet felt it necessary to apologize. The story starts from the court of Arthur where, in the intervals of battle and adventure,

" Li un racontoient noveles,
Li autre parloient d'amors."

Yvain slays the husband of Landine and afterwards wins her heart and hand, but he is induced to leave his bride for the sake of accomplishing deeds of glory, and, having broken his promise to return to her in one year, he is banished by her from her presence, and thenceforth devotes all his efforts to the task of regaining her favor by his faithfulness, his nobility, and his valor. When she shall pardon him, he says, " Lors finera mes travaux toz " (4593).

The poet feels that he is representing something far removed from the real life about him, for in placing his hero at Arthur's court, he speaks of it as an ideal picture.

¹ See pp. 29 and 37.

l. 13 : "There they spoke of Love, the pains and the great rewards that her disciples often have, but now there are few of her liegemen, for almost all have left her, so that Love has fallen low. Those who used to love were courteous and brave and liberal and honorable. Now love is become a fable, for those who do not feel it, say they love, but they lie. But to speak of those who were, let us leave those who now live."

And further on he says (5390) that he would like to speak of the wound of love, but it would be unpleasing :

l. 5394 : "For people are no longer amorous, nor love as they used, since they do not wish to hear it spoken of."

This lament, so often repeated by others that it becomes itself a sort of conventional form, seems to express Chrétien's real feeling that the picture his imagination has drawn of Yvain's devotion could scarcely have a counterpart in the actual world around him.

The lady, in this case the wife, is as before the superior. She makes the laws and executes them. Before she consents to marry Yvain, she makes him undergo an examination in order to be sure that he has orthodox doctrinal views upon the subject of love (2005). When he wishes to depart with Gauvain for the purpose of winning honor in tournaments, he asks leave of absence from her (2550), and she, in granting it, fixes the term and imposes the penalty for disobedience. When Yvain neglects to return upon the day thus determined, her messenger proceeds to Arthur's court (2700) and pronounces him to be "*le desleal, le traïtor, le mançongier, le jangleor*." And in the end, when he begs for reconciliation, he addresses her as though he was praying to God or to the Virgin Mary.

l. 6780 : "Lady, one should have pity on a sinner. I have paid dearly for my foolish wisdom, as I indeed ought. Folly made me remain and rendered me culpable and sinful. I was very bold when I dared come before you ; but now, if you will retain me, never will I do any ill toward you again."

Her pardon being grudgingly granted, he humbly thanks her :

l. 6975 : " Lady, says he, five hundred thanks ! May the Holy Spirit help me, for God in this life could not make me happy otherwise."

This poem is limited, even more completely than *La Charette*, to the cavalier's love. That of the lady is hardly mentioned. She merely plays the rôle of a regal judge and seems to act according to principles rather than from the dictates of the heart. He protests, he begs, he suffers : she calmly examines him and then grants his demand (2035). The love of the lady is treated as a favor which she bestows. It is not a passion ; it is not a matter of inward feeling but of external act, something that she gives or withholds as she sees fit. Caught in Lunete's snare, having promised before she knows what her promise involves, she exclaims in anger :

l. 6762 : " Him who neither loves nor prizes me, you make me love in spite of myself."

The other conventions are almost all to be found fully developed. Love is a god who wounds with a dart (5377), who avenges injuries (1366) ; Love is also a feudal lord (1357), to disobey him is felony and treason (1446), is betraying him (1451).

Beauty is dwelt upon as the cause of love and is described in the customary exaggerated manner (1462). Landine has golden hair, blue eyes, rosy face, crystal neck, etc. Nature was unable to make so beautiful a being (1493). God made her with his own hand, to compel Nature's admiration. She could never make a counterfeit, however long she might try, nor could God himself do it again, even if he did his best (5375). The maiden in the castle of Pesme Avanture, whom Yvain refuses, being wholly devoted to Landine, is so beautiful that the God of Love, if he saw her, would fall in love with her. To serve her he would become a man, issuing from his

divinity, and he would wound himself with his own dart whose wound cannot be healed.

There is the same subtlety of eyes and heart :

l. 1367 : Love attacks so sweetly that, through the eyes, he wounds the heart ; a blow more lasting than that of lance or sword.

l. 2642 : The king can take Yvain's body with him, but the heart remains joined to hers, and he has no power to take it away. His body lives without the heart, a marvel, since no body can live without a heart, but his did and hoped to return to the heart that would not follow it.

The idea of sickness and the wounds of love is continued :

l. 1371 : Love's wound is more lasting than that of lance or sword, for this is cured as soon as the physician cares for it, but that grows worse when nearer to its physician.

l. 5383 : Love's wound must be healed loyally.

Love must improve the lover. Gauvain shames those who marry only to degenerate and says :

l. 2485 : "Whoever has a beautiful lady for *amie* or wife, ought to grow better."

From the standpoint of the love philosophy, a most important passage is that containing the answers given by Yvain to Landine when she questions him in regard to the origin and nature of his passion. Here we have a formal and systematic statement of the conventional method and character of chivalrous love.

l. 2014 : "How are you so overcome?" "Lady," said he, "the force comes from my heart which holds to you ; in this wish my heart has put me." "And who has thus disposed the heart, sweet friend?" "Lady, my eyes." "And the eyes, who?" "The great beauty that I saw in you." "And the beauty how has it hurt you?" "Lady, so much that it made me love." "Love? and whom?" "You, dear lady." "Me?" "You, truly." "In what manner?" "In such that greater cannot be, in such that my heart does not move from you nor ever seek elsewhere, in such that I cannot think of another, in such that I give myself all to you, in such that I love you more than myself, in such that, if it pleases you, freely I wish to die and to live for you."

In one most important doctrine, besides the incompatibility of love and marriage, does Chrétien differ from his successors. No principle of the philosophy of courtly love was more firmly established than that love could dwell only in the noble heart, that the courteous and loyal alone could be servants of this god. But Chrétien directly states the opposite:

l. 1386: "It is a great shame that Love is such, and also when she proves so ill, that in the vilest place to be found, she dwells as soon as in the best of all."

l. 1395: "Love, which is so high a thing that it is a wonder how she dares shamefully in so vile a place descend. She has now, however, left these bad places and given herself all to Yvain" (1377).

Further on, we find it maintained that a lover must always be loyal (5387).

The statements above cited are a deviation from the code of André le Chapelain and from all other authorities on the subject of courtly love.¹ Chrétien himself, if the chansons ascribed to him are really his, must have known the cardinal principle which he contradicts, for he sings:

"Nuls sils nest cortois e saiges
Ne puet neus damors aprendre."²

Such a variation as this, and above all such a departure from the code as the entire poem displays in its subject, indicates that, when Chrétien wrote, the laws of love had not become so firmly established that no poet would venture to deviate from them. This was soon accomplished, however, and the examination that has been made of Chrétien's romances shows how largely he contributed to this result.

In *Erec* we found hardly a trace of chivalrous love. The whole tone and spirit of the poem belong to an earlier and less conventional epoch. *Cligès* shows the development of love

¹ See p. 59, law xviii. and pp. 62, 68, 71.

² Wackernagel, Altfranz. Lieder, p. 15.

theories. The course and progress of passion is presented enveloped in a cloud of metaphysical subtleties, and some of the most characteristic notions of the philosophy are elaborated with the acute minuteness of the scholastic logician. Then come the ideas of Marie de Champagne which her servitor versifies in *La Charrette*, depicting the unlawful loves of Launcelot and Guinevere, and emphasizing to the utmost of his skill the complete ascendancy of the lady and the complete submissiveness of the lover. This attitude of humble adoration was continued in Yvain, though the mistress was transmuted into a wife. The same devices are employed, the same succession of sentiments represented, and here finally set forth in systematic form.

In all this Chrétien merely represented, and, to a certain extent, led his age. Contemporary poets began to labor in the same fields, and the attempt to trace the influences exerted back and forth by each upon the others would be futile, while the results, even if attainable, would fail to compensate for the labor involved. But that Chrétien, the foremost poet of his generation, exercised a potent and far-reaching influence, we have abundant evidence. The whole series of Arthurian Romances took form and color from his example. Arthur's court became the source of the laws of love. It is there that André le Chapelain's knight finds the code, after adventures manifestly imitated from Chrétien, and this code has almost all of its articles expounded, amplified, and illustrated in his narratives.

V.

ATTENTION has been called to Chrétien's apparent dislike of adultery as a narrative motive. In this he is followed by most of the Arthurian romancers. Guinevere remains almost solitary, and the stories generally relate how a brave knight by his prowess in errant expeditions wins the hand of the beautiful maiden for whom he sighs and in whose honor he labors.¹ There are later writers of allegorical love-poems who represent the same feeling; but in spite of them all, we must regard this sin as an essential of the chivalrous code.

That it became so was owing to the Provençal influence already referred to, which, passing through Eleanor of Poitiers, was developed to its highest point under Marie de Champagne. That Eleanor practiced what she taught is well known. Her example and that of her husband, Henry II., would be eagerly followed by the fashionable society of their court. Transmitted to her daughter, Marie de Champagne, the sentiments of Bernart de Ventadorn and other poets became fixed as a code of laws, in which this doctrine was fundamental. It was this princess who gave Chrétien de Troies the subject and the spirit of the *Roman de la Charrette*, and it seems to have been her theories that most largely inspired André le Chapelain to write his *De Arte Honesti Amandi*.²

In this work we have the whole art and science of love, — its causes, its effects, and the means of acquiring and maintaining it, — set forth in an orderly and systematic form. The treatise is divided with scholastic accuracy. In the first Book we learn, in twelve chapters, *Quid sit amor*, *Inter quos possit esse amor*,

¹ Hist. Lit. t. xxx. p. 15.

² Rom. 1883, pp. 521 seq.

Unde dicatur amor, Quis sit effectus amoris, Quae personae sint aptae ad amorem, Qualiter amor acquiratur et quot modis, De amore clericorum, De amore monacharum, De amore per pecuniam acquisito, De facili rei petita concessione, De amore rusticorum, De amore meretricum. The sixth chapter contains eight model conversations between lovers of different or of equal rank, showing how ladies are to be wooed. The argument in each case is that nobility springs from virtue rather than from high birth, and throughout we find scattered most of the conventions already developed in Chrétien de Troies, — the power of love, the pains of lovers, their wounds and sickness, dreams and longings, the doctrine of eyes and heart, concealment, etc. In the conversation in which *Loquitur nobilis nobili*, we have a description of the palace of Love with its four gates,¹ an account of the punishment of loveless women after death, and twelve precepts given to the lover by the God of Love.² In another conversation (*Loquitur nobilior nobili*) the lovers submit their case by letter to the Countess of Champagne, who answers under the date of 1174, giving the famous decision that love cannot exist between married persons.³ In the course of André's arguments he often refers to the laws of love, mentions romances, and quotes impartially Ovid, St. Paul, Solomon, and the Evangelists. The most sensual conceptions are found by the side of the most fine-spun conceits.

The second Book, on the conserving, augmenting, diminishing, and ending of love, contains (chap. vii.) twenty-one judgments rendered by Eleanor, Marie, Ermengarde, and the Countess of Flanders upon suppositious cases of disputes between lovers. Interesting as throwing light upon a form of fashionable amusement of the twelfth century, these decisions have little importance in connection with our subject. They

¹ Andreae Capellani Regii Francorum De Amore Libri Tres. Recensuit E. Trojel. Havniae, 1892. pp. 90, 91.

² *id.* p. 106.

³ *id.* pp. 153, 154.

deal with the relations of individuals rather than with the principles of the Art of Love ; they are the application rather than the development of theories. The last chapter of this Book presents a code of love which a Breton knight brought from the court of Arthur, where he had found it attached to a falcon by a golden chain. The subject of Book III. is, in imitation of Ovid, *De Reprobatione Amoris*.

The idea of treating love as a science seems to have had its origin, indeed,* in the *Ars Amatoria* of Ovid, a book much enjoyed by the clerks of the middle ages, who gradually came to interpret its sensualism in the chivalrous spirit, and who transformed its frivolous precepts into the rigid maxims of a code of jurisprudence.¹ In both the *Amores* and the *Ars Amatoria* we read of the triumphant power of love, the grief, pains, and pallor of lovers, the moving power of tears, the necessity of patience and yielding in everything with entire submission to one's mistress, the advisability of praising her in verse and admiring her beauty. Yet the spirit of the Latin poet is so widely different from the spirit animating the votaries of chivalrous love that their harmonies are few in comparison with their discords.²

What Ovid's influence leads to is shown in *Pamphilus de Amore*, which appears to belong to the end of the twelfth century. Pamphilus, pierced to the heart by an arrow, finds his wound growing daily more painful. She who has given the stroke alone can heal him, but he must conceal her name, and he dares not address his prayers to her, for she is richer than himself. He consults Venus. On leaving the goddess, he meets his mistress Galatea, and suffers the conventional spasms.³

¹ Rom. 1883, p. 519 ; G. Paris, *Poésie du Moyen Age*, pp. 189 seq.

² What is here said of Ovid is true of his mediaeval imitators. In the *Clef d'Amors*, for example, there is not a trace of Courtly Love.

³ Langlois, *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose*, p. 22.

"Nec mea vox mecum, nec mea verba manent,
 Nec mihi sunt vires, trepidantque manusque pedesque ;
 Attonito nullus congruus est habitus.
 Mentis in affectu sibi dicere plura natavi,
 Sed timor excussit dicere que volui.
 Non sum quod fueram, vix me cognoscere possum.
 Non bene vox sequitur . . . sed tamen ipse loquar." — vv. 156–162.¹

The play ends with the coarse device of a wicked old woman and the resort to force.

In the *Concile de Remiremont*, a work composed by a clerk, and apparently belonging to the early years of the twelfth century, a body of nuns debate whether they shall grant their love exclusively to knights or to clerks, and the meeting opens with a parody of the divine service, at which they read "quasi evangelium, Præcepta Ovidii, doctoris egregii."² Here already we have the idea of a science of love, and from this notion to that of law is but a step. In fact, in this work itself, the debate and the decision of the disputed question would lead naturally to the thought of law. The sisters favoring the knights say, in argument :

"Audaces ad prelia sunt pro nostra gratia ;
 Ut sibi nos habeant et ut nobis placeant,
 Nulla timent aspera, nec mortem, nec vulnera."³

And those arguing for the clerks claim that

"Laudent nos in omnibus rythmis atque versibus,"⁴ —

acts which soon became obligatory.

The idea of law, however, seems to have received its chief impulse from another classical conception, that of the God of Love. In the early Provençal lyrics, because *amors* was a feminine noun, Love as a personality was also conceived as feminine,⁵ and we find this also even in Chrétien de Troies. But

¹ Langlois, *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose*, p. 30.

² id. ii. p. 7.

³ id. p. 8.

⁴ id. p. 9, note i.

⁵ Diez, *Poesie der Troubadours*, pp. 122, 123.

from Ovid comes the picture of Love as a god who wounds his victim with his arrows.¹ In the *Concile de Remiremont*, a lady cardinal tells the company of nuns —

" Amor, deus omnium quot quot sunt amantium,
Me misit vos visere et vitam inquirere." ²

Chrétien, too, speaks of the God of Love in *Yvain*,³ and this deity soon came to be generally recognized. To his powers as a god were joined the additional attributes of a feudal lord. At first it was the lady, whose vassal the poet professed himself to be,⁴ then he became the vassal of Love.⁵ In this way we reach the fully developed conception of a potentate who promulgates a system of laws which every lover is bound to learn and to obey.

Springing thus from Ovid and developed by clerkly poets to suit the requirements of the time, the science, art, and code of love received and incorporated into itself the fancies of the troubadours, the conceits of Chrétien de Troies, and the mundane ideals of Eleanore of Poitiers, Marie de Champagne, and their rivals. These ladies impressed their opinions upon the fashionable world, not only through their influence upon their favorite poets, but also through their decisions of imaginary lovers' quarrels.

For more than half a century scholars have debated whether the cases presented before the Courts of Love were real or imaginary, and the results of this discussion seem to indicate that these courts were mock-trials held for the amusement of chivalric society. A favorite form of poem with the troubadours was the *tenson*, or debate between two or more poets. The first would propose a question, such as : " Which are

¹ See e.g. *Amores*, book i., Elegy i.

² Langlois, *op. cit.* p. 8.

³ See above, p. 49.

⁴ See above, pp. 8, 20, 35.

⁵ See above, pp. 30 seq.

greater, the benefits or the ills of love?" and the second, choosing one side, would argue in favor of his opinion, being answered by the first. After several stanzas alternating between the two, the matter would be referred for decision to one or more judges, whose dicta are sometimes recorded.¹ This sort of *jeu-d'esprit*, which is as old as William of Poitiers,² would easily be developed into a regular trial before a mock court, over which the reigning queen or countess presided, and the decisions thus rendered, of which those recorded by André le Chapelain are perhaps examples, would naturally be considered binding upon all correct lovers who might find themselves in a position corresponding to the one thus debated and settled. Precedents might be so established as additions to the formal code of love.

The final word on this subject has doubtless been said by Gaston Paris :

"La cour d'Aliénor fut sans doute une modèle qu'on imita avec empressement : à l'exemple d'Aliénor elle-même et d'Ermenjard de Narbonne, la reine Aeliz, la comtesse Marie, fille d'Aliénor, la comtesse Elizabeth, cousine des deux dernières, sans doute d'autres, ambitionnèrent à leur tour la gloire de docteurs et jurisconsultes d'amour. On leur soumettait des points de doctrine ou des espèces imaginées, et elles donnaient des solutions que l'on recueillait avec soin ; quelquefois, avant de rendre une sentence, elles consultaient les dames qui se trouvaient autour d'elles. . . . Ainsi s'établissait, à côté des lois fondamentales que le dieu d'amour avait lui-même révélées à un chevalier breton, une jurisprudence appuyée sur l'autorité de noms illustres. Peu à peu se formait l'idée que, dans les questions difficiles de droit amoureux, il fallait recourir au jugement des 'dames,' et sur cette donnée on ébauchait une procédure à l'usage des amants, procédure dont la première règle était naturellement qu'ils n'exposaient leur cas que par intermédiaire et que leurs noms restaient soigneusement cachés." ³

¹ G. Faidit, MW. ii. p. 100. Vide also Peirol, MW. ii., xxv., xxvi., xxvii., and Bartsch, Chres. 74, 17.

² Bartsch, Chres. 29, 4.

³ Journal des Savants, 1888, p. 732. Whoever desires the arguments pro and con may consult the articles above quoted, the works of Raynouard, Diez, and Fauriel, and Hist. Litt. tomes xxi. and xxix.

This whole system of law is summed up in the code just referred to, which, according to André's narrative, was composed by the God of Love himself, and brought by a Breton knight, after many marvelous adventures, from the court of Arthur. We transcribe this code entire :¹

- I. Causa coniugii ab amore non est excusatio recta.
- II. Qui non zelat, amare non potest.
- III. Nemo duplici potest amore ligare.
- IV. Semper amorem crescere vel minui constat.
- V. Non est sapidum, quod amans ab invito sumit coamante.
- VI. Masculus non solet nisi plena pubertate amare.
- VII. Biennalis viduitas pro amante defuncto superstiti praescribitur amanti.
- VIII. Nemo sine rationis excessu suo debet amore privari.
- IX. Amare nemo potest, nisi qui amoris svasione compellitur.
- X. Amor semper consuevit ab avaritiae domiciliis exsulare.
- XI. Non decet amare, quarum pudor est nuptias affectare.
- XII. Verus amans alterius nisi sui coamantis ex affectu non cupit amplexus.
- XIII. Amor raro consuevit durare vulgatus.
- XIV. Facilis perceptio contemptibilem reddit amorem, difficilis eum carum facit haberi.
- XV. Omnis consuevit amans in coamantis aspectu pallescere.
- XVI. In repentina coamantis visione cor contremescit amantis.
- XVII. Novus amor veterem compellit abire.
- XVIII. Probitas sola quemque dignum facit amore.
- XIX. Si amor minuatur, cito deficit et raro convalescit.
- XX. Amorosus semper est timorosus.
- XXI. Ex vera zelotypia affectus semper crescit amandi.
- XXII. De coamante suspicione percepta zelus et affectus crescit amandi.
- XXIII. Minus dormit et edit, quem amoris cogitatio vexat.
- XXIV. Quilibet amantis actus in coamantis cogitatione finitur.
- XXV. Verus amans nil bonum credit nisi quod cogitat coamanti placere.
- XXVI. Amor nil posset amori denegare.
- XXVII. Amans coamantis solatiis satiari non potest.

¹ Andreae Capellani De Amore, pp. 310-312.

- XXVIII. Modica praesumptio cogit amantem de coamante suspicari sinistra.
- XXIX. Non solet amare, quem nimia voluptatis abundantia vexat.
- XXX. Verus amans assidua sine intermissione coamantis imaginatione detinetur.
- XXXI. Unam feminam nil prohibet a duobus amari et a duabus mulieribus unum.¹

¹ This work of André le Chapelain was known to Guido Cavalcanti, and through him might have influenced Dante; vide Salvadori, *La Poesia Giovanile*, etc., di Guido Cavalcanti, Roma, 1895, p. 12.

VI.

WE have now come to the final stage of this part of our subject, the stage in which the art of love, in its full development, has taken almost complete possession of literature. The mass of poems which we here encounter is too vast for us to discuss. Nor is such a discussion necessary, for they bear so close a resemblance to each other that the traits of one answer for the traits of all.¹

Many of these pieces are analyzed and discussed by M. Langlois in his *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose*. We are plunged at once into a mass of personifications, allegories, and dreams.² The action is always in the spring, and we are introduced to all that machinery of gardens, flowers, birds, and the joyous accompaniments of the God of Love which the *Roman de la Rose* has made familiar. One spring morning two girls dispute whether it is better to love a cavalier or a clerk; they go to the Garden of Love and submit the question to the God himself, who decides in favor of the clerk.³ In another case the God refers the matter to a congress of birds, among whom are some who know all the laws of love.⁴ In the *Fabliau du Dieu d'Amors*,⁵ the poet dreams that on a spring morning he follows the banks of a stream bordered with flowers until he reaches the garden of the God of Love.

¹ G. Paris, *Litt. du Moyen Age*, § 104 and § III.

² For a study of allegory in the mediaeval literature of France, see *op. cit.* pp. 47 seq. For the dream as a revelation of the future, see chap. v.

³ *Altercatio Phyllidis et Florae*, *Carmina Burana*, pp. 155-165; *op. cit.* p. 10.

⁴ Langlois, *op. cit.* p. 13, *Le débat de Florence et de Blanchefleur : li esperviers* says, l. 243: *Ge sai d'Amors totes les lois*.

⁵ Langlois, *op. cit.* pp. 15-17, *Li Fablel dou Dieu d'Amor*, A. Jubinal, Paris, 1834; see also Foerster's *Venus la Deesse d'Amor*, pp. 42, 43.

Admission is forbidden to the vulgar (*vilains*), but to the courteous the gate is always open. Within, birds in song dispute regarding love. His lady comes to him, but an immense dragon carries her off, and the lover laments, reproaching the God of Love for having abandoned his faithful servant. Then the god appears, consoles the young man, and leads him to his palace, to remain there while he pursues the dragon. At this palace life is very joyous. Amid the singing and dancing, the god brings back the young girl, and the lover is so overjoyed that he awakes and realizes that his happiness was all a dream.

*Venus la Deesse d'Amor*¹ is largely copied from the *Dieu d'Amors*. In the month of May, when the birds sing and the flowers bloom, and "all hearts are amorous, desirous, and gay," Lover rises from bed and passes to a meadow, where he seats himself sadly under a tree in which the birds, singing, dispute of love, its pains, joys, and benefits. The nightingale sings :

"One who loves well ought to have his heart beautiful, and often sad and troubled. He ought to shiver often without cold, and often sweat without heat, and sigh and change color and languish in thought night and day" (st. 27-28).

Then, through more than three hundred verses, the lover complains. He pictures Florie's beauty and his own anguish, till he faints (53). Reviving, he continues, pale, discolored, in great torment :

"Sainte Marie, how I am laden with love ! Florie, sweet love, your beauty destroys me ! Earth swallow me !"

He wishes for his sword. Then he turns to allegorizing, calls his lady *Tristousse* and himself *Morant* (60), thinks his pains worse than those of childbirth (62 seq.). He exclaims (70) :

"I desire rather to die than to see the day, I have begged for pity, as he who fears much, on my knees with hands clasped, that she should cure my wound, for I am certain that I shall not be truly cured if she have not mercy and pity" (71).

¹ Ed. Foerster, Bonn, 1880.

His heart is joined to hers with true cement, so that it cannot be separated, and every pain she has, he can feel (72, 79, 80, 100, 103, etc.). But "he knows well that in love lies all good and all wisdom, and that love is sweeter than balms or incense, or fragrant flowers" (75). Besides Love is powerful, and there is no defence against her (83-85). He repeats again and again the list of his pains, he blames his eyes for leading him where he has lost his heart, he begs for pity with wearisome reiteration :

"Tristose, sweet lady, full of courtesy, full of gentleness, and provided with all wisdom, full of humility and of all good gifts, oh ! alleviate my ills, have pity on me" (108) !

Love takes away his sense and reason (93). His suffering will kill him :

"Tristose, sweet love, for you I must die. My wound is painful, my heart has made me perish. I never thought to have deserved death from you ; many a living death have you made me die" (96).

Still he wishes her every good thing :

"I wish to commend to God my lady who kills me. May Jesus Christ help all those who speak well of her" (86). "Yes, God forgive her the evil she has done me" : "May the King of Paradise pardon you, so that he shall not make you worse either in body or in soul. You and your love have played me such a game that through them is my soul damned, my body exiled" (112).

He divides his prayers about equally between God and his lady, sometimes addressing her with clasped hands, sometimes begging Heaven for relief :

"I pray both God and her that she should have pity on me" (101).

Worn out, he ceases, but he remains restless, insensible to cold or heat, and as a climax to his anguish, he has the nose-bleed :

"From his nose springs the blood by the force of his torments" (117).

At this point the Goddess of Love arrives, accompanied by three damsels, all mounted upon mules. Three thousand birds

assemble, while the damsels sing of love, but Lover hears nothing.

"For he has such sickness and pain and torment, as no living man could believe. In him is no strength or virtue whatever, nor does he hear, nor see, nor feel heat or cold" (125).

The birds, however, beg the goddess to aid *vrai amant*, whereupon she and her attendants dismount and call him to his senses :

"Ha, true lover, God give thee healing and joy of thy lady, for whom thou drinkest such poison. Ha, young clerk, to what school art thou put ! Very hard is thy lesson which thy lady-love has taught" (132, 133).

He thinks the goddess his *amie*, she is so beautiful and perfect, then demands :

"Lady, who are you ? For the sake of God, son of Mary" (136) !

She answers :

"I am she who makes lovers truly love ; under my subjection I have all true lovers. My name is Venus, the Goddess of Love. I am she who makes lovers have joy and tears, by my dart are wounded those who really love, the fine, true, gentle heart feels the pain of it" (137, 138).

He begs her to alleviate his pain. By causing him to cease loving ? she asks. No, he would rather suffer.

"Pain, travail, anguish I will suffer, but I cannot depart from her for whom I grieve. I ought indeed to curse my heart and hate my two eyes, since they have so led me that I wish to die of love" (142).

"Wilt thou die for her and give up thy life, whence thy soul will be damned and hers perish ?" asks the goddess (143).

"Lady, said the lover, surely it grieves me. Let God do his pleasure both upon her and me. Weeping with hands joined, Lady, I beg your mercy, that you should counsel me, for I am all foolish from love" (144).

At the request of Venus, he proceeds to speak of his lady's beauty :

"Directly at the moment that first I saw her, I gave her all my heart in love" (148).

All the wealth in the world could not ransom his heart from her, it is so closely cemented.

"Certainly, if she kills me, then she is an enemy, then are the words false when I call her *amie*. In her hand she holds my death and my life. Let her do what pleases her, I can never hate her" (152).

Heart and soul and body are in her service (153, 164). No medicine or plaster can heal his wound. She alone can cure him. She is "humble, courteous and simple, and beautiful and well-spoken" (155). He calls up all her features in succession, eyes, nose, mouth, etc. God's saintliest apostle would love her (159). Lover's three servants have turned against him :

"My heart is my provost, that I cannot bring to justice. My two eyes are the ones who make the trouble ; the third are my limbs that they make thin" (162).

She is humble, wise, full of sweetness (167). God made her in order to have a pattern, but would find it difficult if he had to do it again (168). Lover thinks of her night and day (174), will serve her whatever happens to him (176).

"Surely, said the lover, she in whom I have put my heart is gentle and humble, and adorned with all sense, and wise and debonair and very well taught ; therefore I desire her love more than Paradise" (188).

Venus commends him for his faithfulness and offers to lead him to the court of the God of Love, where he can present his case. He shall have redress in three days. There follow eight stanzas devoted to a description of Venus' mule, which the birds help her to mount (218), and which kneels to allow her to descend upon their arrival at the castle of Love. After a brief parley with the gatekeeper, they enter, and passing through the great hall in which the barons and princes attend, they reach the chamber of the God of Love, and find him reclining upon a couch of flowers (235). In this palace there is continual joy (242). A maid leads Lover to a room in which he sees the two quivers of arrows belonging to the God, one

set whose wound causes hate, the other whose wound causes love. No power can resist them (250). She next leads him to a garden (251) where, under a tree, stands the tomb of a gentle youth, over which the birds sing of true love. When these songsters hunger, each kisses a flower and thenceforth suffers neither hunger nor thirst again that day (253). The maiden relates the story of this youth, her lover, slain in battle for her and interred here by the God of Love. Returning to the great hall, they encounter ten maidens with a bier upon which lies the corpse of a true lover. This is embalmed and buried with honor, his soul coming to dwell with the God of Love.

"Thus said the God of Love : I will do him much honor, as I rightly should, since he died of love. His soul will live with me in joy and delight, I will have the body buried with great honor" (280).

Returning from these funeral rites, Lover in the presence of the barons and princes of the court, presents his case before the God of Love. Venus pleads for him, as one who has suffered more than Paris or Tristan, and his request is granted. The nightingale, who volunteers, is commissioned by the God of Love to write the charter containing the judgment. This is read, to the approval of all present.

"The charter said that the damsel should love her lover loyally. If she did not, the God of Love would take on her heavy vengeance. The God of Love and Jesus Christ will have her talked of by every one, whence she will have great blame in the world and will be made to dwell in hell. She will never be loved by God or man, if she will not love her lover" (306, 307).

The god and the goddess seal the sentence. Armed with this formidable document, Lover instantly takes his leave and hastens to Florie, who reads the charter and sighs.

"'Certainly,' says she, 'sweet love, I give you my love ; willingly will I seek medicine to remove your pain.' In her arms she clasps him close with great sweetness, and says : 'Always, I will love you loyally.' Thus were the

lovers in joy all their lives. Now let us pray Jesus Christ, son of holy Mary, that he comfort all lovers who are laden with love, and confound all proud ones who have no pity" (314-5).

Thus ends this jumble of incompatible ideas.

In a very different tone is the treatment of love by Huon de Mery, author of the *Torneiment de l'Antechrist*,¹ a poem assigned to the year 1235.² It narrates the story of a tournament in which the virtues contend against the vices, and in it we find fully developed that tendency to allegory which gradually overspread all this love literature. Love is not among the vices.

"By this word Fornication I here make you no description of it, by my faith: Love has not so vile a name. No, for Love is born of Courtesy. Of Love, which is without vileness, the description is elsewhere" (p. 32).

Elsewhere — that is, among the virtues. We find her in the company we should naturally expect.

"Afterward, very well mounted, came to the tourney my Lady Largesce: in her company she had Prouesse and Hardement, her eldest son. . . . Then Cortoisie and Franchise together unfurled their standards" (p. 49).

"With Prouesse, who leads Love, with Cortoisie, her cousin, and Largesce, who resembles her, together with all these, rides Love" (p. 51).

Among the arms of Love are *l'arc Turcois* (p. 52) and the dart *dous et felon*, named *Dous Anemi* (p. 53), with which every one would wish to be wounded in the heart.

"For none has heart so evil, so proud, or so obstinate, that, if he feels the dart of which the iron was dipped in courtesy, he would not be tender and softened and courteous, whether he wished it or not: for Love has so courteous a name that if a boor becomes acquainted with her, Love makes him courteous and polished. And she makes the cruel frank and tender, and puts the proud on his knees, and intimidates the foolhardy" (p. 53).

It would make even Herod *dous et paciens*:

¹ Ed. Tarbé, Col. des Poètes de Champagne, Reims, 1851.

² G. Paris, Litt. du Moyen Age, § 111.

"For who ever did fealty to the God of Love who was not made wise? They serve such a lord as confounds and destroys all vileness."

Indeed, no one is worthy even to see the helmet of Love "if he is not courteous, tender, and benign, hardy and brave and pure and well-bred" (p. 54).

We get into a purer atmosphere, though the neighboring country is tame and barren enough.

"Now, if I have described Love here among the followers of Jesus Christ, she is not always of his : only when she is fine and good, as happens in many places. That which one ought, that which is right, is to love courteously : he who loves loyally is of the followers of Courtesy. If not, he is not at all of his" (p. 54).

It is interesting to note among these abstractions, as attendants upon Largesse, Cortoisie, and Proesce, the chief Knights of the Round Table introduced by name (pp. 59, 60). Somewhat further on, there is a distinct confession of indebtedness to Chrétien de Troies (p. 77), in a passage expounding the transit of the dart of Cupid through the eyes to the heart. We are told that Chrétien "said better of the heart wounded by the dart of the eyes than I can tell you."

Although this poem deals with a tournament, we do not escape from the judgment of the Court of Love. He who is wounded by this dart seeks succor "from the ill that he has within his heart, which is worse than toothache" (p. 79), carrying his case before "the justice who judges all lovers" (p. 80). This judge decides that Venus was not to blame, for the doors of the castle were open, of which the eyes are the doorkeepers :

"Thy eyes, who pictured the sight of her, have done thee a stroke of treason" (p. 81).

But the eyes defend themselves, accusing the heart :

"The heart, they said, is lord of the house, we are the servants who do his command without opposition."

And Reason at last passes sentence :

"The heart was the occasion of the ill that it has."

This allegory leads us to Guillaume de Lorris and the *Roman de la Rose*,¹ a poem written under the inspiration of love in order to please her who is so worthy of affection that she ought to be called Rose. The time is May :

"He has a very hard heart who does not love in May, when he hears the birds on the branches sing their sweet, piteous songs" (section i).

The young man, in his twentieth year, wanders to the Garden of Love, the abode of pleasure, which is surrounded by a high wall, upon the outside of which are painted, as excluded from the garden and obnoxious to love, *Haine*, *Felonic*, *Vilennie*, *Coveitise*, *Avarice*, *Envie*, *Tristesse*, *Vielleesse*, *Papclardie*, and *Poivre* etc. Entering through a narrow gate, he finds a joyous company : *Dame Oyseuse* who guides him, *Cortoisie* who invites him to dance, *Deduit* and his *amie Léescé*, who give him friendly greeting. All these personages are minutely described in complexion, features, and dress. There is, of course, music and dancing, while the songs of the birds are as sweet as those of sirens. Here Lover finds, arrayed in embroidered garments (vi.)

"The God of Love, him who assigns lady-loves at his will. It is he who rules lovers, and who beats down pride, and makes servants of lords and of ladies when he finds them too cruel."

By his side, a youth, *Dout-Regard*, holds his two bows — one black and knotted, the other beautifully carved — and his ten arrows. The five in his right hand were beautiful, the best, swiftest, and handsomest being named *Biauté's*, while the others were *Simplece*, *Franchise*, feathered with valor and courtesy, *Compaignie*, and *Biau-Semblant*, whose wound is less painful than that of the rest, because promising a proxi-

¹ *Roman de la Rose*, Piere Marteau, Orléans, 1878.

mate cure. The other five arrows were *Orguex*, *Vilenie*, poisoned with *felonie*, *Honte*, *Desespérance*, and *Novel-Penser* (Faithlessness). Near Love stand *Biauté*, *Richece*, *une dame de grant hautece*, *Largesce*, *Franchise*, *Cortoisie*, and *Jonesce*, all of whom are fittingly described.

When the company separate in pairs, the delights of life in the garden are dwelt upon, "for there is no greater paradise than to have one's love at his will." Lover wanders to a fountain in which he sees reflected some roses, particularly (xii.) "one so very beautiful that, in comparison, none of the others was worth anything." Going to pluck it, he is stopped by the thorns and nettles which surround it. At this moment the God of Love shoots his first arrow, *Biauté*, which strikes through the eyes to the heart :

"For through the eyes he has put the arrow into my heart with great severity."

Lover faints. No blood, however, flows from his wound, and he tries to draw out the arrow, but the point remains in his heart.

"Nor did I know what to do or to say, nor where to find a physician for my wound ; for neither from herb nor from root did I expect medicine. Toward the bud my heart drew me so that I thirsted for nothing else : if I had it in my possession, it would give me back life. The sight and the fragrance of it greatly alleviated my pain."

Wounded in rapid succession by *Simplece*, *Cortoisie*, and *Franchise*, he faints again, but cannot be frightened from the Rose.

"Love, which surpasses everything, gave me heart and hardihood to do its commandment."

Though the thorns keep him at a distance, he is happy to see the Rose and inhale its fragrance.

"Thus I had from it such reward that I half forgot my ills in the delight and joy."

But the God shoots *Compaignie* into his heart, renewing his pain so that he faints thrice.

"On coming to myself, I complain and sigh, for my pain grows and becomes worse, so that I have no hope at all of cure or of relief. I would rather be dead than alive."

Finally *Biau-Semblant* pierces him, but this arrow bears with it an ointment that alleviates the pain.

"It had agony in the point, but the ointment much assuaged this : from one part it anoints me, from another torments me, thus it aids me and injures me."

Having rendered his victim thus helpless, the God of Love calls to him to surrender at once. Lover answers :

"Sire, willingly do I render myself, I will never defend myself against you. . . . You can do with me whatever you wish, take me or kill me . . . for my life is in your hands. I cannot live till to-morrow if it is not by your will. I expect from you joy and health, which I shall never have from another, if your hand, which has wounded me, does not give me healing. . . . And know that I have no anger ; so much good have I heard spoken of you that I wish to put heart and body entirely in your service : for if I do your will I can have no pain at all."

He would kiss Love's foot, but the God raises him and permits him to kiss his mouth "which no vile man touches," for Love is "so sweet, so frank, and so gentle that, whenever any one is devoted to serve and honor him, there cannot dwell within him vileness nor evil nor any bad knowledge."

(xv.) Lover thus becomes the vassal of Love :

"My heart is yours, not mine, for it is obliged, be it ill, be it well, to do your pleasure."

(xvi.) Love — after locking the heart of his servant with a golden key — promises him great benefits if he will suffer faithfully and execute his commandments. At the request of Lover, the god teaches him all the duties of his position. First, he must avoid *Vilennie* :

"I curse and excommunicate all those who love vulgarity."

He must not speak as Keux did, but should imitate Gauvain, should be wise and gentle in speech, and greet politely all persons he meets :

"Afterwards, beware not to speak evil words or ribaldries : never to name a vile thing ought thy mouth to be opened. . . . Serve and honor all women, take pains and labor to serve them ; and if thou hearest any evil-speaker who abuses women, blame him and bid him be silent. Do, if thou canst, what pleases *dames* and *damoiselles*, so that they hear good things said and told of thee ; thus thou mayest rise in favor. After all this, beware of pride. . . . A proud man does just the opposite of what a fine lover ought to do."

He must wear fine, well-fitting garments, shoes, gloves. "Do not suffer upon thee any dirt," have clean hands, teeth, and nails.

"Prepare thyself for joy and delight, Love cares not for a sad man : it is a very courtly malady."

Yet the lover must suffer : "one hour weep and the other sing." If you can sing, dance, ride, or play viol or flute, do it to increase your credit. Avoid avarice.

"Never did any one know aught of love who did not delight to give, . . . for he who, for a glance or for a sweet smile, has given his entire heart, ought indeed, after so rich a gift, to give all his possessions freely."

In brief :

"Whoever wishes to make Love his master should be courteous and without pride, should have a well-bred and gay bearing, and should be praised for generosity."

"Afterwards give thyself to penance, so that night and day, without repentance, thy thought should be in well-loving."

Put your heart all in one place "so that it should be there, not half, but entirely without trickery."

After you have thus given your heart, "then will happen to thee those events which are grievous and severe to lovers."

Often, thinking of your lady, you must depart from people, so that they shall not perceive your anguish :

"Thou wilt go apart all alone, then will come to thee sighs and complaints, fears and many other pains, in many ways thou wilt be tormented, one hour hot and another cold, red one hour, another pale, thou never hadst fever so severe."

Often you will forget yourself :

"And a long time thou wilt be like a mute image, which neither shakes nor moves."

You must think of your *amie* who is distant.

"Then thou wilt say: 'God, how ill it is to me when I do not see that place where my heart is; why did I send my heart there alone?'"

But if the eyes and feet could accompany the heart, would they stay here?

"Not at all; they would go to visit the precious sanctuary of which my heart is so desirous."

Nothing you see pleases you. You wander about in hopes of meeting your lady, pensive, sad, sighing. To see her beauty would be a great joy, but would make your heart burn.

"Every lover is accustomed to follow the fire that burns him. The nearer he feels the fire, the more he approaches it."

"As long as thou shalt see thy *amie*, thou wilt never seek to move, and when thou needest to depart, thou wilt bear in mind all day long what thou hast seen; and thou wilt consider thyself grievously defrauded in one thing, that thou hadst not heart or hardihood to speak to her, but wast near her without uttering a word, like one foolish and taken by surprise. . . . If thou hadst been able to get from her only a fair salutation, it would have been worth a hundred marks to thee."

You will take every opportunity to pass her street and her house.

"But conceal thyself well from the people, and seek some other occasion than her that makes thee go there, for it is very wise to conceal oneself."

If you meet your *amie* where you may salute her or speak to her,

"Then it is meet that thou shouldst change color, all thy blood will tremble, words and sense will fail thee, when thou thinkest to commence."

False lovers speak fluently, but true ones suffer battle and have no peace.

At night, when you think to sleep, you commence to tremble, you toss about "like one who has toothache."

"Then will come to thy memory both the manner and appearance of her who has no equal. I will tell thee a strange marvel: sometimes it will seem to thee as though thou hadst her of the bright face in thy arms all naked, as though she had become entirely thy *amie* and companion."

Awaking, you weep and lament. How sweet would death be in her arms! All these torments would be repaid by the joy she could give. Alas! that is too much to demand.

"But if with no more than a single kiss the fair one deigned to ease me, I should have very rich reward for the pain I have suffered. But hard is that which is to happen: I may consider myself a fool, when I have put my heart in such a place that I expect from it no benefit. I speak like a fool and a child, for a look from her is worth more than entire delight from another."

And more in the same strain:

"During the night thou wilt struggle thus and take little repose."

Before dawn, whatever the weather,—rain, snow or tempest,—go watch her house, listen at any opening to hear if she stir, let her hear you sigh and complain, for "well ought a woman to have some pity for one who endures such ill for her, if she be not very hard." Kiss the door upon leaving, and go before daylight, so that you shall not be seen. These wanderings make lovers thin and pale. The fat are not true lovers.

Be generous to the *pucele de l'ostel*, that she may praise you to your lady.

"Do not depart from her neighborhood, and if thou hast such great need that it becomes necessary to go away, take care that thy heart remain, and return soon. Thou oughtest not to stay away."

At these precepts of the god, Lover naturally wonders :

"I marvel how a man, if he be not of iron, can live a month in such a hell."

The god answers that Hope is the aider of those whom Love holds in prison :

"It is true that no ills equal those which afflict lovers, but hope makes them suffer such ills as may not be numbered, for the joy which surpasses them a hundred times."

In addition to Hope, the god gives Lover three other aids :

1. *Dous-Pensers*, "which soothes the irritation and, coming to the lover, makes him think of the joy that Hope promises him, and then sets before him the laughing eyes, the straight nose which is neither too large nor too small, the colored little mouth whose breath is so fragrant ; and it pleases him much when he calls to mind the form of every member. His solace redoubles when he thinks of a smile or a fair glance or a kind look that his dear *amie* has given him."

2. *Dous-Parlers*. You must have a trusted friend to whom you can speak of your lady and from whom you can ask counsel. It is sweet to speak of her you love.

3. *Dous-Regars*. "In the morning your eyes have a glad meeting, when God shows them the precious sanctuary of which they are so desirous. . . . And when the eyes are in delight, they are so well-bred that they cannot have joy alone, but wish that the heart should rejoice, and they assuage its ills : for the eyes, like trusty messengers, send at once to the heart news of what they see : and for the joy the heart must needs forget its pain, and the darkness in which it walks : for just as the light chases away the darkness, so *Dous-Regars* effaces the darkness in which lies the heart that languishes night and day with love : for the heart does not suffer at all when the eyes see her whom they wish."

Thereupon the god vanishes, leaving Lover to his pains.
(xviii.) *Bel-Acueil* aids him to approach the Roses, which are

guarded by *Male-Bouche*, *le jangleor*, and with him *Honte* and *Paor*. (xix.) When Lover seeks too hastily to kiss the Rose, *Dangier* springs up and expels him, and *Bel-Acueil* disappears. (xx.) Not daring to return, his pain grows unbearable. (xxi.) Reason descends from her tower and admonishes him to leave love and folly, (xxii.) but he cannot, for "Love has so overcome my heart, that it is no longer under my will." He would rather die than be false to Love. (xxiii.) He thinks of *Amis*, tells him his state, and receives from him advice and comfort. (xxiv., xxv.) He begs pardon of *Dangier* without avail, and *Amis* counsels him to suffer and wait. (xxvi.) *Franchise* and *Pitié* soften *Dangier*, the first saying: "If Love by force made him love, ought you to blame him for it?" and the other telling how greatly he suffers. *Dangier* relents and cedes Lover the company of *Bel-Acueil*, who leads him within the enclosure. (xxvii.) He is in paradise; he begs a kiss which *Bel-Acueil* refuses, because *Chastie* has forbidden it, but Venus comes with her touch "whose flame has heated many a lady," and pleads for Lover. (xxviii.) He kisses the Rose, but *Male-Bouche* rouses *Jalousie*, (xxix.) who reprimands *Bel-Acueil*, (xxx.) and Lover flees. *Honte* and *Paor* awaken *Dangier*, who had fallen asleep, and Lover, again cast out, renews his sighs and tears:

"For I am fallen into Hell. *Male-Bouche*, cursed be thou! Thy faithless and false tongue has procured me this sauce."

(xxxi.) To imprison *Bel-Acueil*, they build a tower with four gates guarded by *Dangier*, *Honte*, *Paor*, and *Male-Bouche*. Within the tower with *Bel-Acueil* is an old hag who watches her every moment. (xxxii.) Lover laments, and in the midst of his complaining, the romantic love-poem abruptly breaks off. The satirical and learned piece, which Jean de Meun attached to this, may be neglected as foreign to the purpose of this investigation.

It will hardly be necessary to call attention to the correspondence between the precepts of the *Roman de la Rose* and those which were found gradually unfolding in Bernart de Ventadorn, Peire Rogier, and Chrétien de Troies. The hyperboles and metaphors of the poets have become the fixed principles of a science, the sections of a code of laws. The God of Love, his invincible power, his teachings, his penalties better than all other rewards, his garden and palace open only to the courteous; the beauty which, as a dart, passes through the eyes and wounds the heart; the suffering and sickness thus caused, the dreams, the contradictory longings, the fear of the loved one, the trembling and loss of sense in her presence, the fear of detection by others; the worship, the submission, the complete devotion; the appeal for pity, the exaggerated happiness in the smallest recognition, the desire for the lady's advantage, the benefits her loveliness spreads around her, the valor and goodness with which she endows her lover, — these sentiments and fancies have become immutable laws. Beauty and life quickly disappear before this formidable machinery; the lilies of the field give place to the tawdry fabrications of the shop.

As a specimen of the mass of insipid imitative pieces, which contain merely cold combinations of ingenuity, without a particle of truth or passion,¹ we may mention the first part of the *Panthère d'Amour*.² In the poet's dream, the Panther, a noble beast that all others excepting the dragon love, attracts him, but he is kept away from it by a hedge of nettles, brambles, and thorns. The Panther signifies his lady (463), its colors her virtues (471); for, as the Panther has the colors of all other beasts, so his lady has all the graces and virtues of womankind. The Panther's sweet breath that attracts and

¹ G. Paris, *Litt. du Moyen Age*, § III.

² *Le Dit de la Panthère d'Amours*, par Nicole de Margival. Ed. Henry A. Todd, Paris, 1883.

cures all the other beasts, signifies his lady's words, which all gladly hear (495) and which have power to improve.

"None is so full of vulgarity, of pride, rage, or envy, that, if he will listen to her, she will not make him cast out all evil and seek to do good" (515 seq.).

The dragon who flees from the Panther signifies the envious. The nettle is *l'amoureuse pensée* (565); the bramble, desire which holds the lover fast while it hurts him; the thorns, evil tongues (585); the valley in which the Panther dwells, humility (625), etc.

The God of Love appears and gives the poet a horse which leaps the hedge, but on approaching the Panther, the lover dares not speak. Love then leaves him in charge of *Dous Penser*, *Dous Souvenir*, and *Espérance*, who examine him and find him loyal. The God and Goddess of Love counsel him. Venus even presents to him a poem to send his lady, but on account of a dream, he dares not use it. The god gives him advice and refers him to André le Chapelain, as one who has expounded the whole doctrine of love, and to the *Roman de la Rose*, where the complete science is to be found (1032). He must give his lady a song, telling his faithfulness and his pains, or, if he dare not present it in person, he must give it to one of her friends to read to her. Not having courage even for this, Lover is taken to Fortune (1925), whose palace is described. He is cast into a heap of ruins in charge of Adversity, but is released by *Bone Volonté*, who leads him to Prosperity, at whose side sits Grace. Pity and her daughter *Merci* come, and with them the Panther. Lover's sense fails him, but when Grace, Pity, and the others intercede for him, the Panther yields. In his joy he awakens, and vowing eternal fidelity, he consoles himself with singing.

The series of songs that follow, connected as they are by an explanation in verse, suggest a distant resemblance to the con-

temporary *Vita Nuova*. No pain can keep him from loving (2226). The cause of his love is beauty, sense, and grace (2259). Having told the reason of his love, he proceeds to tell why he is joyful (2296). If Love gives one the heart to sing, he surely ought not to fail, for he has put heart and body in her keeping. At first he thought to possess his *amic*, but he was deceived, for she avoided him, and thus put him in such distress that he sang but little. Then he made this *baladele* (2304) :

"My trouble has made me silent, for my lady flees from me. O good Love, let me please her, that I may have subject for song."

He fears his lady will never listen to him, but that she will love another, a thought which brings him intense pain. But Love would not do such evil to a true lover, hence he will sing, for he must some day have his reward. So he makes a *chançon* that shows and reveals his state, past, present, and future (2379).

"I used to sing gayly but now laugh no more, for she who has my love will not listen. Hence I am sad, and remain away from her, for I had rather be absent than see another win her, which would kill me. But Love will not permit such suffering to one who serves him entirely. Indeed, I love her so that I shall never relax."

He should not be blamed for loving, since his lady is praised by all who know her. If less fine than she, he ought not to be abashed, for Love fills hearts with humility, as Adam de la Halle has sung : *Fins cuers, etc.* Indeed, he would have great joy if he could please her, whatever it might cost him. His last song is a *chant royal*.

"I thank you, Love, for the sweet pain that I feel for the most beautiful and best in the world. I cannot deserve the sweet benefits you send me. To delight me, I have hope, desire, and love, though I cannot attain the love of my lady. My recollections cause evil to flee and youth to maintain itself in joy. Lady, gentle of heart, beautiful to look upon, with fresh color and laughing eyes, I may well tremble that I have dared to love in so precious a place. Pity me, for I dare not reveal my love. I have no

resource if you do not pity. Lady, I beg grace, if ever gentle heart shall have pity on suffering : not that I have despair in bearing this pain ; I rather take pleasure in these sweet ills and joy in them, nor will I be cured, for my hope is worth more than the full enjoyment of another."

This work, in which his whole state is described, was written for consolation at the command of Love. It gives, as has been remarked, a faint suggestion of the *Vita Nuova*, but compared with the deep beauty of Dante's work, how vulgar and trivial it seems !

It would be tedious to enumerate the conceits borrowed from earlier writers. The God of Love is resistless, lovers enter his service and pay him homage (378, 403), he teaches and advises them (1005, 1654, 1951). He is always magnificently attired and is accompanied by a joyous company (153, 225, 980). Beauty, entering the eyes and wounding the heart, is the cause of love (1172, 2105, 2569). Love is a sickness, the greatest pain, though sweet (1823, 2554, 2589). The lady is the only medicine or physician to cure it (864, 1155). It leads to inward struggles (1100). The image of the loved one always lingers in memory (783, 1614). The lover fears to displease her (685, 864, 1050, 1062, 1220). In her presence he trembles and loses sense (1180, 2112). He also fears evil tongues (3, 910, 1900). Love commands concealment (1360, 1686, 2630). The lover is perfectly devoted and submissive (1690, 1798, 2542) and faithful (1860, 2210, 2226). He receives great benefits (18, 1053, 2460, 2565), he begs for pity (1825, 2577, 2585). The end of his passion is possession (2169, 2180).

A characteristic subtlety is that of the ring (1285 seq.). It must be of gold, the most precious, strongest, and firmest metal, to typify faithful love ; the stone must be an emerald, which gives grace to her who wears it and is the emblem of hope : this must be turned to the inside of the hand to show the concealment of love : the ring must be worn on the left

hand, as that is less employed in the vulgar offices of ordinary life ; and so on.

Another interesting motive, one which has been before referred to, is the constitution of loyal lovers into a sort of guild or order of knighthood. Not daring to send his poem directly to his lady, the author addresses it to several of her friends,

“ And to all those in general who love well and loyally ” (21).

Besides the loyal lovers, one should also address the ladies. The God of Love tells our poet that he should have revealed his state. How ? asks he ; and the god replies (413 seq.) :

“ Friend, there are in the country many beautiful *dames* and *damoiseles*, noble, well bred, and wise, who have been established by me to receive service and homage from the good and wise.”

This offspring of the Courts of Love had also become an established poetic institution. But enough of such threadbare convention !

The next step in this progress is that represented by the continuation of the *Roman de la Rose* by Jean de Muen ; the love-system, taken as a mere form, is employed to set forth teachings in science, philosophy, morality, and religion. The *Chateau d'Amor*¹ is an account of the creation : the *Breviari d'Amor*,² an encyclopaedia of the knowledge of the age.

¹ By Robert Grossetete, Ed. Cooke, Caxton Society, London, 1852.

² See Bartsch, *Grundriss*, p. 53, and Mahn, *Gedichte*, vol. i. p. 181.

VII.

CONTEMPORARY with this evolution of love theories in the epic and didactic poems of the *Langue d'Oïl*, there was a parallel growth in the lyrics of the *Langue d'Oc*. In the earliest of these lyrics is found the seed of the courtly conceptions which, when transplanted to the northern soil, developed in such a systematic and logical manner. But during the same time, the same seed was also flowering in the south. At first unmethodical, here too, by endless imitation, the poetry hardened into a set of conventional forms. The same sequence of ideas, incessantly repeated, fixed itself into a system, and at last we find established a philosophy and code of love, based upon authority and taught as an art.

This conception, however, seems to have been borrowed from the north, where it had been developed along the lines already discussed, for it did not become a motive in Provençal poetry until after the beginning of the thirteenth century. The ideas found in the lyrics of the golden age of this literature are such as the poets derived from their predecessors, and transmitted but slightly modified to their posterity. They imitated each other and built their conceits upon the models prepared by their fellow-countrymen, with no heed for any foreign examples. This complacent self-sufficiency accounts for the flimsiness of their thinking, and for the tedious sameness of their praises, their vows, and their complaints.

The following selections will exhibit the spirit of these singers and show how slightly they built the edifice of their love-system beyond the foundations of Bernart de Ventadorn.

Love personified as a being of irresistible power :

"All my thoughts are from Love, wherefore I think only of love, and they are evil-speakers who say that a cavalier ought to think of anything else." — *Raimon de Miraval, MW. ii. p. 118: D'Amor son.*

Arnaut Daniel is vanquished by Love. — *Bartsch, Chres. 137, 5; G. Faidet held in uncertainty, id. 147, 26.*

"The teaching and the merit and the worth of you, lady, whom I supplicate night and day, have led my heart with such good associations that where most I suffer, I sing and rejoice; and since Love shows all her power against me, all alone, whom she finds most loyal, neither force nor knowledge avails me against her." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 163: L'ensenhaments.*

"Lady, we three, you, I, and Love, alone know, without other witness, what was the covenant." — *id.: Domna, nos tres.*

"And it is reasonable and right, in my opinion, that one should love the best with good faith, even if it avails him not: he is foolish who revolts, but I serve now, and never demand anything of her. For one asks enough of a wise lord when he loves and serves him; then if I love faithfully my lady, whose I am, joy ought truly to come to me from it, for she is the noblest that one can choose in the world." — *Pons de Capdueil, MW. i. p. 338: Et es razos.*

"Now I have great joy when I remember the love which holds my heart firm in her allegiance: for the other day, I went into a garden beautifully covered with flowers and filled with the songs of birds, and when I was in that beautiful garden, there appeared to me the beautiful lily, and she took my eyes and seized my heart, so that, ever since, I have no remembrance or sense except concerning her whom I love." — *G. de Borneil, MW. i. p. 184: Or ai gran joy.*

"Love indeed holds me in her command, so that in me begins many a sweet pleasure, and I believe that God made me for her use and for her worth." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 110: Be m ten.*

"I give myself to you by such a covenant that I have neither power nor desire to depart while I live; for Love has put me in your prison, since you are the best that is, and have the most courtesy: for the lowest born when he sees you is courteous and bears you good faith." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 341: Per aital coven.*

"Then I am indeed foolish, for I love her when it displeases her: Shall I depart? No, for I cannot." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 11: Doucs be sui fols.*

"Love ! wilt thou never do anything I wish ? For this I pray thee, thou who hast it in thy power, that thou turn her heart a little toward me." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 162: Amors ! faras ja.*

"No man loves well and nobly who complains of Love, however ill she treats him ; as she more grievously binds me, and burns and inflames me, I have better desire." — *Peirol, Bartsch, Chres. 140, 12: Nuls hom.*

"When Love wills I sing, for other flower or leaf I pay no attention to." — *Peirol, id. 139, 6.*

"Love, from whom I every day ask help, has given me this advice ; Love has commanded me to write that which my mouth dares not speak." — *A. de Marueil, id. 94, 30.*

"The sweet thoughts which Love often gives me, lady, make me say of you many pleasing verses." — *G. de Cab. id. 73, 20.*

Beauty causes love :

"She is whiter than Helen, more beautiful than any flower, and full of courtesy, white teeth with true words, with frank heart without vulgarity, fresh color with blond hair ; God who gave her the mastery, save her, for I never saw a nobler." — *A. de Marueil, id. 93, 21. See Ballade, id. 243, 35.*

"Never since Adam plucked from the tree the apple whence we are all in distress, did Christ give life to so beautiful a one, — a body well formed and dear and faultless, white and smoother than an emerald ; she is so beautiful that I am sad, for she never heeds me at all." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 111: Anc pus N Adam.*

"God himself, without question, made her of his own beauty and ordained that her great worth should be graced with humility." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 112: Qu' elh eis.*

"Your tender person, your fresh color, and the sweet pleasing glances that you know how to give me make me so desire and wish for you that now I love you, whence I the more despair." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 159: Vostra gen cors.*

"Every day you are more beautiful and pleasing to me, wherefore I wish ill to my eyes with which I gaze at you, for they can never see you to my benefit, but they see you subtly to my injury." — *Folquet de Marseille, MW. i. p. 329: A totz jorns.*

Beauty strikes through the eyes to the heart :

"My first light was so clear to choose her, whence my heart believed my eyes." — *Arnaut Daniel, Bartsch, Chres. 136, 27.*¹

"And since Love wishes to honor me so much that she makes me carry you in my heart, I beg you for this grace, that you guard me from the burning ; for I fear it for your sake much more than for mine ; and since my heart, lady, has you in itself, if evil comes to it, since you are in there, you must needs suffer it ; therefore do to me whatever will be good for you and guard my heart as your dwelling." — *Folquet de Marseille, Bartsch, Chres. 121, 10.*

Eyes messengers of the heart. — *id. 157, 4.*

"My eyes sweetly made me a rich gift when they showed me her form and her lovely laughing mouth." — *id. 245, 14.*

"Therefore my heart is inclined toward her wherever I may be, for true love joins and binds two hearts in distant lands." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 5 : Pero mos cors.*

"Her beautiful eyes have indeed betrayed me like a false messenger, and have put into my heart love of her which makes me suffer." — *id. ii. p. 23 : Be m trahiron.*

"Lance of love which wounds the heart without healing." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 111 : Lansa d'amors.*

"Now I have indeed learned of Love, how he can wound with his dart, but how he can gently heal I do not yet know. I know well who is the physician who alone can give me health ; but what does this avail me if I do not dare show her my mortal wound." — *Peire Raimon, MW. i. p. 134 : Ar ai ben.*

Love brings anguish and suffering :

"You have taken from me laughter and given me pensiveness. No man feels more grievous torture than I." — *G. de Cab. Bartsch, Chres. 75, 1.*

"For the fire that burns me is such that Nile will not extinguish it, any more than a delicate thread will sustain a tower." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 111 : Qu'el fuecs.*

¹ Canello translates this, "my heart believed her eyes."

"Lady, I cannot tell you the hundredth part of the pains or the torture or the restlessness or the suffering that I bear, lady, for love of you." — *A. de Marueil, Bartsch, Chres. 98, 9.*

"And you care not when you see me die ; formerly you did with me as one does with a child, making him cease crying by means of a little coin ; and then when he has grown joyful and one takes away what was given him, he weeps and has twice as much grief as he had at first." — *Aimeric de Pegulhan, Bartsch, Chres. 162, 15.*

"But I, alas ! who suffer the burning and the pain that come from love, with great suffering and injury, and my color grows pale ; — but I shall be an aged man and all white like snow before I will complain of my lady." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 111 : Mas ieu las.*

"Then I am indeed foolish, since I do not give up loving her ; for it indeed seems to me folly, since no good comes to me from it : rather do I see that now my pain grows which her person alone has made in me. By my faith, I tell you, it is better for me to suffer my injury always for her, even if she cares not, than that another should give me her whole love." — *Folquet de Marseille, MW. i. p. 330 : Doncx ben sui folhs.*

"All the ills of love I have indeed learned, but the benefits I cannot know at all ; and if it were not that I have good hope, I should think that I should never have them : and I should have reason to be desperate, I have loved so much and never yet was loved ! But if the benefit is so sweet and pleasing as the ill is full of anguish and tribulation, I would rather die than not await it still." — *id. 331 : Lo mals d'amor.*

"Now is burning anew the ill of love which I had before ; for I feel a pain come to my heart with an agonizing desire, and the physician who could heal me wishes to detain me for long treatment, just as the other physicians do. . . . From this I see that she will be good to me ; for Hippocrates, I have heard it said, teaches that a physician ought not to fail in any advice that one asks of him." — *P. Raimon, MW. i. p. 134 : Enquera m vai.*

"I console myself singing, for Love kills me with trouble, since she has found me more true than any other lover." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 17 : Mi conort.*

Love conquers by suffering :

"A true lover ought to pardon great wrong and gently suffer injury in order to gain." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 110 : Que fis amans.*

"But suffer in peace, for they conquer who best suffer."—*G. de Borneil, MW. i. p. 193: Mas sufretz.*

The lover is restless, always filled with visions of his lady :

"For the long hope and the long thinking, and the too much watching and too little sleeping, and the desire to see you, keep my heart so unquiet that I pray God a hundred times night and day that he give me death or your love."—*A. de Marueil, Bartsch, Chres. 95, 18. See also 96, 39; 97, 21; but perhaps this piece is based upon northern models.*¹

"In thought I gaze upon your body dear and sweet."—*G. de Cab. Bartsch, Chres. 73, 24.*

"I hold in remembrance the dear and sweet smile, your worth, and the beautiful body, white and smooth."—*id. 75, 12.*

"For the fresh color and the sweet, beautiful body I hold in such remembrance that I think of nothing else."—*G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 110: Que la fresca.*

"I turn my eyes, noble prudent lady, toward the land where you are, and when I cannot bring myself nearer to you, I hold you in my heart, and think here of your sweet courteous person which makes me languish, of the kind looks and the delight and the solace, of the worth and the sense and the beauty, of you who have never been absent from my mind since I first saw you."—*A. de Marueil, id. p. 161: Vas lo pays.*

"For my heart guards you and holds you so dear that it makes my body seem stupid; for it puts all my sense and power there, so that, for the sense it keeps, it leaves the body without guidance: when one speaks to me, it often happens that I do not know it, and one salutes me but I hear nothing; and therefore no one should reproach me if he salutes me and I do not reply to him a single word."—*Folquet de Marseille, Bartsch, Chres. 121, 26.*

"It often happens that I think and reflect so strongly that I do not hear when I am spoken to, nor do aught but tremble and shudder."—*Gaucelm Faidit, MW. ii. p. 90: Manthas saisos.*

Love leads to contradictions and foolishness :

"For I well know by experience that where love is, folly prevails in place of sense."—*Peire Raimon, Bartsch, Chres. 87, 26.*

¹ See the discussion, p. 98 seq.

This is completely expressed by G. de Borneil:

"I make a song bad and good, etc." (id. 103, 15), a mere string of contradictions, ending "She can bring me back to my proper sense, if she deigns to hold me dear" (104, 27).

"Without sin I embrace penance, and without doing wrong ask pardon, and a noble gift I regard as nothing, and from rage I have good will, and entire joy from weeping, and sweet savor from bitterness, and I am bold through fear, and know how to gain from loss, and, when I am vanquished, to conquer." — *Peire Vidal, Bartsch, Chres. 107, 31.*

"My heart springs and trembles often, my lady steals it from me so that I have no sense." — *Peirol, id. 139, 29. See also id. 169, 6.*

"Lady, you and Love oppress me so that I dare not love you, and cannot withdraw from it; one thing drives me away, another makes me remain, one gives me courage, another makes me fear; I dare not beg you for happiness: like one wounded to death, who knows that he is dying and yet struggles, I call upon you for grace with a desperate heart." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 158: Si m destrenhetz.*

"Wise and foolish, humble and proud, covetous and generous, and cowardly and brave am I, as it happens, and joyous and sad; and I can be pleasing and annoying, and vile and noble and vulgar and courteous, low and worthy, and I know evil and good, and I have the will and the knowledge of all good qualities, and, if I fail in anything, I do it for lack of power." — *Rambaut de Vaqueiras, MW. i. 366: Savis e folhs.*

The lover fears to declare his passion, trembles, and loses self-control in his lady's presence:

"I am a faithful and loyal lover to you to whom I dare not express or discover my thought, noble lady with fine courteous heart, so do I fear the worth in you and the great nobility and virtue." — *Gaucelm Faidit, Bartsch, Chres. 147, 33.*

"And since you find no equal in beauty in the world, as I think, therefore it holds me in check and takes away my courage and keeps me back so that I dare not beg anything of you." — *id. 148, 6.*

"For it often happens that with full resolve, lady, I think to pray to you for my sake, and then when my heart sees you, I am lost and have no remembrance, but only look at you, and cannot and dare not pray to you, nor can I express my love for you." — *id. 148, 11. See also id. 157, 31 and 168, 17.*

"Good lady, your rich, well-known worth, and your form and your pleasing bearing, and your mouth which I see smile so sweetly have so overcome me that I often become mute; and where I thought to speak finely, I lose sense; for with fear does one ask a rich gift, wherefore I am timid." — *P. Raimon, MW. i. p. 146: Bona domna.*

"I do not at all dare to show her my pain, especially now, when it happens that I see her; I say to her with fear hidden things whereby she knows how I feel; and if I at all err in speaking, too great fear makes me fail, which humbles the most expert." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 168: Ges no l'aus.*

"Like the poor man who lies in a rich palace, who never wails, though he has great pain, so much he fears to disturb the lord, so I dare not complain of my mortal pain. Indeed I ought to suffer, for the one in the world that I most desire and wish shows me disdain; thus I dare not call for grace, such fear have I that she will weary of me." — *Peire Vidal, MW. i. p. 222: Si col paubres.*

The fear of detection is universal. Almost always the lady is addressed by an assumed name. Evil-speakers are constantly reprobated. (*Bartsch, Chres. 153, 21; 156, 27; 208, 33; 245, 16; etc.*). See the biography of *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 107*; and that of *A. de Marueil, id. i. p. 148*, where we read:

"And he was enamored of her, and of her made his songs; but he did not dare tell them to her, nor to any one with the name in which he had made them, but he said that he made them for another."¹

"You, whom I more desire than any other in the world, I blame and disavow and, in appearance, love not; all that I do for fear, you ought to take in good faith, even when I see you not." — *G. de Cab. Bartsch, Chres. 75, 5.*

"I so fear her worth and her fine nobility, and I have such willingness to do all her desire, and the evil-speakers give me such fear, that I do not dare to complain to her, nor to discover nor show my true heart, but I give her a thousand sighs every day on this account." — *P. Raimon, MW. i. p. 136: Tan tem son pretz.*

¹ For the character of this secrecy, vide Biography of Guillem de Saint-Didier, *MW. ii. p. 37.*

"In thought I kiss you and fondle you and embrace you ; this loving is sweet and dear and good, and no jealous one can see me." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 161: Pensen vos bais.*

"Thus is lost whoever thinks either to say pleasing things or calumnies, through discovering my heart, for I know the best of any how to defend myself, for I can lie and remain truthful ; there is a truth which is false and lying, for whoever says what debases love lies toward his lady and betrays himself. — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 158: Aitan se pert.*

"Against troublesome calumniators, evil-speaking ones, through whom joy is destroyed, I wish that each lover would conceal and cover his heart : for the world is to be held false, and one ought not now to speak the truth ; often it is better to lie and excuse one's self." — *id. p. 162: Contra'ls lauzengiers.*

"I beg, lady, that you understand me better than I speak, for I love you a thousand times more than I show, and I keep away only through fear ; for I would be much more intimate with you, only one would say that I am in love ; so, it is true that I never loved anything so much, but toward you I do not dare to show it." — *id. p. 164: Mielhs qu'ieu.*

"All ill-used, I was faithful and good, frank and humble and concealing and fearing, without too much speaking and free from all deception ; and I knew well how, among the discourteous, to conceal my joy, so that the false ones — may God confound them — could not spread reports of our love." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 341: Totz mal menatz.*

"If one demands of me anything about my sweet desire, Love commands me to say the opposite of the truth." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 15: S'om ren.*

Sometimes the lady is warned not to believe these evil-speakers :

"Beautiful worthy lady, courteous and well-bred, do not believe calumniators nor jealous evil-speakers about me, who remain yours and do not complain of another, nor can I ever again love any woman ; but I wish to serve and honor them all for your sake, who are the most beautiful and the most worthy." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 374: Belha domna valens.* See also *B. de Born, Bartsch, Chres. 113.*

Religion and gallantry are blended together. See *G. de Borneil, "Reis glorios," Bartsch, Chres. 101 ; Peire Vidal, MW. i. p. 219.*

"For nothing may have any part in me but you alone, excepting God ; and if God must hold a fief, let him hold his part from you."—*A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 174 : Que res no y'aia.*

"Humble and faithful and frank, I supplicate you, with loyal heart, good and worthy lady, for you are the best in the world and most worthy and gentle and frank and noble, and most gentle and joyous ; wherefore I love you—may I never have other profit—so truly that I think of nothing else. even when I pray God, whence on your account He forgets me."—*Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 347 : Humils e fis.*

"If in belief I were so faithful to God, without fail I should enter paradise alive."—*G. de Cab. Bartsch, Chres. 75, 16.*

"I desire you more than God her of Edom."—*A. Daniel, id. 137, 26.*

"If love availed me so that my affection pleased my lady, I should have what seems to me a joy richer than paradise."—*Peire Raimon, MW. i. p. 142 : Que si me valgues.*

"Good lady, I think I see God when I gaze upon your tender body."—*Peire Vidal, Diez. Poesie, p. 144, note 4.*

"I always supplicate and adore toward the country where my lady is ; and I even would hold as a lord a shepherd who should come thence."—*A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 169 : Tot ades sopley.*

"While I live, what else shall I beg of God but that He should let me find grace with you?"—*Uc de Saint-Circ, Bartsch, Chres. 159, 13.*

"Often I sigh and supplicate and adore toward the place where I see her resplendent beauty shine."—*G. de Borneil, MW. i. p. 184 : Soven sospir.*

They express entire devotion : nothing else is of value except the lady's love. Bartsch, Chres. 87, 17 ; 110, 39 ; 141, 16 ; 144, 12 ; 154, 3 ; 157, 33 ; 209, 15 ; etc.

"I have great desire that I might come to her on my knees ; from as far as one could see her, I should come to her with joined hands to do homage as a servant ought to do to his lord, and weeping ask for grace without fear of evil people."—*P. Raimon, MW. i. p. 134 : Gran talent ai.*

"For no one wears a ribbon whom I would care to lie with or be her lover, in place of receiving your salute."—*G. de Cab. Bartsch, Chres. 75, 23.*

"It indeed seems to me that love of you conquers me, for ever since I saw you, my whole desire has been to love and serve you." — *id.* 75, 31.

"May God never include me among those who pray to Him, if I would have the revenue of the six greatest kings, provided that grace and good faith should not avail me with you ; for I cannot depart from you in whom my love is put." — *id.* 76, 25.

"Without any reserve, I am hers to sell and to give . . . I had rather lose with her than gain joy from another." — *Peire Vidal, id.* 109, 7.

B. de Born, *id.* 113, 11, would rather think of her than have another. He curses himself if he ever failed toward her, even in thought.

"Alas, I have not myself in my own power ; rather do I go seeking my own ill, and wish much more to lose and injure myself with you, lady, than to win with another." — *Aimeric de Pegulhan, Bartsch, Chres.* 161, 37.

"If any ill-bred calumniator has said ill of me, I had rather he had taken from me my salvation ; for just as little as a fish lives without water, shall I live if my destruction pleases my lady, whose I am to do all her commands. Behold, if I love her without treacherous heart ! I have not so mortal an enemy in the world that, if I hear her speak well of him, I will not choose him for my lord." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i.* 348 : *E si negus.* Same thought in *Peire Vidal, id.* p. 222.

"Wherefore I am devoted and given up to true love and to her whom I desire ; for my eyes have made me choose with fine taste the beautiful one who is flower and mirror and light and head and guide of all good-breeding : and since so sweetly she wounded my heart with a loving glance, I have thought of nothing else, and no other good has been pleasing to me, and I have no remembrance of anything but her." — *P. Raimon, MW. i.* p. 146 : *Per qu' ieu li.*

"Like one who loves and is not loved have I done, since I have long loved in one sole place, for which I do not repent ; for I had rather serve her in despair than have all my will of another : and since I love her loyally without deception, I believe that she is so worthy that I shall never have injury from it." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i.* p. 164 : *Aissi cum selh.*

"Love has so entirely changed and turned me from other things, and moved me at will, that all those I see seem to me foolish and stupid, for from them I cannot have the solace of love, on your account, lady, from

whom my wish does not depart : and if I ever turn my heart to love another, may I have no help from God, from Grace, or from Love." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 166 : Qu 'aissi m'a tot.*

"Like a true lover with frank, humble, and true heart, I livè rejoicing in the sole hope of Love, amidst the grievous pain that my heart bears, since she made me choose one of whom no lies can be said in praising her, nor can one third of the good that is in her be told." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 168 : A guiza de fin.*

"I would have heartfelt love for you, and would wish ill to myself, and would abandon singing and joy, and would die sadly without comfort, if I saw that my destruction would please you. . . . I can well hate myself, but I can never cease loving you." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 175 : A vos aurai.*

"Dear love, sweet and frank, attractive and beautiful and good, my heart abandons itself to you so that it gets no calm from another ; to you I bear certain love without pride and without arrogance ; and I desire your love more than Lombardy or France." — *Peire Vidal, MW. i. p. 238 : Car amiga.*

"Now will my song turn to my lady whom I hold dearer than my eyes or my teeth." — *id. p. 241 : Ar m'er mon chant.*

"Loyal Love has given me such a fine and firm will that I shall never depart from you, lady, in whom I have my good hope ; you are so worthy, courteous in true speaking, frank and gentle, gay with humility, beautiful and pleasing, so that it is not to be said that you lack any good quality one could wish in a lady : and since your rich worthiness has risen so high, suffer that I love you, for I wish everything that pleases you." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 350 : Tan m'a donat.*

"For seeing others I am blind, for hearing, deaf : her only do I hear and see and gaze at." — *A. Daniel, MW. ii. p. 75 : D'autras vezer.*

In general, the poet has loved his lady from the day he first saw her, and has never varied an instant :

"The day when I first saw you, lady, when it pleased you to let me see you, my heart left all other thoughts, and all my desires were fixed in you : you placed longing in my heart, lady, with a sweet smile and a simple glance, so that you made me forget everything that exists." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 109 : Lo jorn qu'ie us vi.*

"When first I saw her, she pleased me so that I could not retain my heart at all ; it was entirely with her and it is still there." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 28 : Quant eu premier.*

"I have loved her and wished always to do her commands ever since I saw her, for I was never changeable toward her." — *G. de St.-Didier, MW. ii. p. 49 : Amada l'ai.*

The poet's devotion leads him to wish his lady every good, and particularly induces him to sing and spread abroad her praises.

"Let not your rich worth harm me, for I cannot bear it for a day longer : since I saw you I have had sense and knowledge to increase your fame by my powers, for in many good places I have said it and made it heard : and if it should please you that you should deign to thank me, I shall ask no more of your friendliness, but I shall prize the thanks as my recompense." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 159 : No mi nogua.*

"I should be indeed rich if I dared to speak her praise, for to hear it would delight all ; but I fear that false calumniators, wicked and cruel and unrestrained, might hear me, and I have too many enemies : it does not please me that it should be known ; but when I see one of her lineage, I praise her till my mouth bursts, I bear such love to her beautiful joyous person." — *G. de Borneil, MW. i. p. 185 : Ben fora ricx. See further G. de Borneil, id. 195 : B. de Born, id. p. 273 ; Rambaut de Vaqueiras, id. p. 368.*

"One cannot grieve on the day on which he thinks of her, for joy is born in her and begins ; and whoever praises her does not lie, whatever good he says ; for she is the best, without dispute, and the gentlest to be seen in the world." — *Peire Vidal, MW. i. p. 224 : Qu'om no pot.*

"I must despair since I cannot know any reason why she should care for me ; nevertheless I will still keep all my mind for her, so that in my heart I will love her secretly, and I will speak well of her in my songs." — *Folquet de Marseille, MW. i. p. 320 : Desesperar m'ai.*

"The great beauty and the fine worth that is in her, and all good qualities that woman can have, put me now in good hope ; and I do not at all think it can be possible that, where all other virtues are, there should not be mercy ; and since humility makes me bear my pain in good part, humility, mercy, and discretion can avail me, if my lady only acquires them." — *id. 331 : La grans beutatz.*

"Lady Auda. I do not wish to make ballads or songs which do not speak of you."—*Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 340 : Dona n'Auda.*

"If God wished to complete in one alone all the joy and the good and the fine praises and the courteous acts and sayings of all the best ladies, He might know truly that she whom I desire would have a hundred per cent more."—*id. 346 : Si totz los gaugs.*

The troubadours give constant prominence to the great benefits of love.

Sometimes they discuss the subject in general :

"Very low would be put worth, entertainment, and gayety, if it were not for love which always maintains prowess and makes people courteous, for it takes the best."—*Peirol, Bartsch, Chres. 140, 24.*

"It does not befit a true lover to make much ado, rather ought he to conceal and hide his heart and be thankful for the good and the ill that he sees of love ; for one is esteemed on account of courteous qualities and when by knowledge he keeps himself from blundering ; for from a good place comes a good recompense ; and if there were no love-making and courtship, there would be no worth or service or honor."—*P. Raimon, MW. i. p. 147 : Mas fis amans.*

"Happy is he whom love keeps joyous, for love is the climax of all blessings, and through love one is gay and courteous, frank and gentle, humble and proud ; wherever love is, one carries on a thousand times better wars and courts, whence arise worthy deeds ; wherefore I have put all my heart in love ; and since I have good expectation that it will enrich me, I do not complain of the distress or the pain that I bear."—*Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 348 : Astrucx es selh.*

"In great honor lives he by whom joy is entertained, for from it come courtesy and solace, good-breeding and frankness and restraint, and heart to love and will to serve, and discretion and wisdom and knowledge, and sweet speaking with pleasing replies, and all good qualities by which one is gay and worthy."—*A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 156 : A gran honor.*

For the meaning of joy in this passage, and often in these poems, we have the following explanation :

"Without joy there is no worth, nor without worth honor, for love brings joy, and a gay lady brings love, and gayety solace, and solace courtesy."—*A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 167 : Ses joy.*

Sometimes they speak of their own experience of benefits :

"She is so worthy that, when I consider well, pride springs from it and humility grows." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 161: Tan es valen.*

"Lady, noble and worthy, courteous and attractive, if I know anything at all, the thought of you, which is my heart and my shield, gives and teaches it to me : wherefore, for all my possessions I render you praise and thanks." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 183: Dona pros e valens.*

"If I know how to say or do anything, she should have the thanks who gave me learning and knowledge, wherefore I am gay and a singer : and all attractive things that I do, I have from her beautiful pleasing person, even when I only think of her with all my heart." — *Peire Vidal, MW. i. p. 224: E s'ieu sai.*

"I ought indeed to sing, since Love teaches it to me, and gives me brains to say good things ; for if it were not for her, I should never have been a singer, nor should I have been known by so many good people." — *Peirol, MW. ii. 2: Ben dei chantar.*

"The flame nourished by love burns me night and day, wherefore I continually become finer, as does gold in the fire." — *id. p. 5: Que'l flama.*

Sometimes they speak of the benefits all feel who approach their ladies :

"Whoever sees her sweet, courteous, and gay person puts out of mind and forgets every other joy ; since she can for pure delight do and speak so attractively all that is becoming, that one cannot speak ill of her without lying." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 161: Tot autre joy.*

"May God who made her so beautiful and worthy, save her and guard the rich worth that she maintains, for no man who sees her has so hard a heart that he does not honor her." — *Pons de Cap. MW. i. p. 339: Dieus que la fes.*

"There is not in the world a vile person so ill-bred that he will not become courteous if he speaks a word with her." — *G. de St.-Didier, MW. ii. p. 40: Qu'el mon non es.*

"The most ignorant man in the company, when he sees and gazes at her, ought at parting to be wise and of fine bearing." — *Raimon de Miraval, MW. ii. p. 121: Lo plus nescis.*

The lady is almost always untouched, while the poet languishes :¹

"For it is the custom that the lady should be hard and bear pride toward him who humbles himself." — *G. de St.-Didier, MW. ii. p. 41: Quar costum'es.*

Sometimes she even mocks her lover :

"Often it happens when I am before her I say : Lady, what shall I do ? She does not answer except by mocking." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 17: Ans quan li sui.*

They beg for pity :

"Now I ask you, my love, for succor, for I will die before I seek it elsewhere." — *Peirol, Bartsch, Chres. 141, 3.*

"I pray my lady, who holds my heart in pledge, as one who grants mercy, that she should not have a cruel heart, nor believe false calumniators about me, nor imagine that I turn toward another, for I sigh in good faith and love her without deceit and without a truant heart ; and I have not such courage as have false lovers who deceive ; by whom love is turned to scorn." — *Gaucelm Faidit, Bartsch, Chres. 143, 36.*

"By grace and humility I beg you that you should find in yourself some pity." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 59: Per merce.* See particularly this poet's praise of *Merce* as against *Razo*, *MW. i. p. 173.*

"Love committed a great sin when she was pleased to place herself in me, since she did not bring with her Grace with which to alleviate my pain ; for Love loses her name and belies it and is Dis-love plainly, since Grace cannot succor when it would be worthiness and honor to her ; since she will conquer everything, let her just once conquer Grace." — *Folquet de Marseille, MW. i. p. 318: Mout i fetz.*

"Now I see that nothing but folly is this long affection, of which I have made so many complaints that I have reproach and shame." — *Peirol, MW. ii. p. 4: Ar vei.*

Small tokens are of great value :

"Ah, when will the time come, lady, when I shall see that you will by grace so honor me that you will deign to call me friend (amic.) ?" — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 110: Ai ! quan sera.*

¹ MW. i. 37, Qu 'ieu am ; id. 66, Qu 'ieu ames.

"With a thread of her bright mantle, if it pleased her to give it to me, she would make me more joyous and richer than could any other in the world by taking me to herself." — *G. de Cab. MW. i. p. 116: Qu, ab un fil.*

"I ask of you no other recompense except only that it should please you that I love you, and if it pleases you not, at least feign that it does not annoy you." — *A. de Marueil, MW. i. p. 175: Qu'ieu no us quier.*

"She, whose liegeman I am without recall, kills me so sweetly with desire that she would make me rich with a thread of her glove, or with one of the hairs that falls on her mantle." — *G. de St.-Didier, MW. ii. p. 39: Tan belamen.*

The end of their passion is almost always sensual : Bartsch, Chres. 48, 33 ; 110, 42 ; 113, 17 ; etc.

It would be easy to multiply examples of these conventions. Enough have been presented to exhibit their character and to show that, although the phases of love had acquired an almost unvarying sequence and a formal shape, there was still no idea of an art or a code of love, such as was early developed in the north. We begin, indeed, to find traces of what seems like northern influence. Guirant de Borneil relates and interprets a dream of a falcon grown tame ;¹ in another place he advises the lover to have a friend to whom he shall apply for advice and comfort.² Rambaut de Vauqueiras mentions the God of Love,³ while both he and Pons de Capdueil refer frequently to romances, Arthurian and other. Arnaut de Marueil appeals to lovers and ladies :

"May fine Love, by her grace, put it in your heart that you should love me : all the ladies and lovers, for Love's sake say 'Amen.'"⁴

And in many places he seems to have derived hints from the doctrinal tendencies of the French love-poems.

All the love-theories common in his day are summarized by him in a poetical love-letter addressed to his lady.⁵ He

¹ MW. i. p. 185.

³ id. p. 385.

² id. p. 190.

⁴ id. p. 176 : E fin amor.

⁵ Bartsch, Chres. 94 ; MW. i. p. 151.

suffers, but can have no relief unless it comes from her ; he would tell her his passion by messenger, but does not dare, fearing to displease her ; he would tell her in person, but the sight of her beauty makes him forget what he would say ; therefore, at the command of Love, he writes what his mouth dares not speak. He proceeds to praise her beauty and courtesy, that make him pensive night and day, so that he prays God to give him death or her love. All the good he does or says comes from her. He has loved her from the day he first saw her, and his love continually grows. His heart never leaves her. Thoughts come as messengers from her and call to mind her hair, eyes, color, mouth, bosom, hands. All day he suffers and all night tosses about without rest. At length he sleeps and dreams that he embraces and kisses her, which makes him so happy that he awakes, and his pains are renewed. He begs her to have pity upon him (flower of beauty, mirror of love, shrine of honor, summit of wisdom, chamber of joy ; such are a few of his epithets). He joins his hands and prays that she will take him for her servant, promise him her love, and give him hope.

"Lady, I do not dare beg you for more, but may God save and keep you : if it pleases you give me my salvation ; since Love has conquered me with you, may Love who conquers all things also conquer you with me, Lady."

This systematic treatment of love may have been inspired by northern example. We learn from Arnaut's biography that he read romances, undoubtedly in French.¹ The piece above described is written in the octo-syllabic couplet,² the

¹ MW. i. p. 148 : *aquel Arnautz e cantava be e legia be romans.*

² *Le Couplet de Deux Vers*, Paul Meyer, Romania, 1894, pp. 1-35. In ancient poetry the couplet was a unity. The innovator seems to have been Chrétien de Troies (p. 17) who made the sense often end with the first verse of the couplet. His example is followed by other writers of the thirteenth century. In Provençal the breaking of the couplet is even later (p. 26). We find it in Arnaut de Marueil (p. 29). This reform is probably owing to the influence of the north (p. 31). If

form used in the metrical romances, and the heroines of several of these stories are referred to (Rodocaster, Biblis, Blancaflors, Elene, Ysseulz, and others). The long description of the lady's beauty is apparently imitated from Chrétien.¹ In another of his poems, Arnaut refers to Ovid as a teacher of love :

" But Ovid sets forth that between earnest lovers riches give no rank." ²

All this, it may be noted, is unlike the general spirit of the Provençal lyrics and completely in accord with that of Chrétien and his disciples.

Though thus systematized, love does not seem to have been regarded as an art until that idea had become fully established in the logical sense of the northern poets. Peire Cardinal,³ indeed, denies that love takes from him appetite and sleep, and makes him suffer, that he dies for the most beautiful one, that he adores her, etc.,—the commonplaces of the conventional system,—but he presents these forms in apparent unconsciousness that there might be an art of love. One of the earliest Provençal pieces in which such an art is implied is a *nouvel* of Raimon Vidal (first half of thirteenth century) in which there are quoted as authorities in matters of love, the lyrics of the troubadours, such as Bernart, Rambautz, Miraval, who knew more of love than Paris, Guirautz who knew more than Tristan, Arnautz de Maruelh, and many others.⁴ After the beginning of the thirteenth century we also meet with a few narrative and allegorical poems which plainly reveal their northern inspiration.⁵

the north thus influenced the form of verse, could it fail to affect the mode of thought in Provence?

¹ e.g. Sauras cris, etc., Bartsch, Chres. 96, 14.

² MW. i. p. 171.

³ Bartsch, Chres. 174, 12.

⁴ id. 217-228.

⁵ For specimens, see Bartsch, Chres. 259, 265, 273; see also Bartsch, Gr. §§ 18-19; allegorical poem by Peire Guillem, MW. i. p. 241, not by Peire Vidal, see Gr. § 39.

The most important extant narrative poem of this epoch is the *Romançe of Flamenca*.¹ We know that the author had read Chrétien, since he mentions several of his romances (657 seq.), but we should readily infer this fact from the character of the piece itself. Many passages are directly imitated from the French model and, though on the whole there is a trifle more reality in the portrayal of human nature than the northern poet treats us to, the spirit of the narrative, the fine-spun conceits, and the overdrawn raptures are entirely in his vein. Love is an art. The hero, Guillem de Niyers, had no experience of love but, having read all the authors who tell how lovers should act, he knew what he ought to do (1769), and as youth must love, he seeks a lady who can bring him honor, and then Love compels him to love (1775).

Love is a powerful divinity :

l. 2043 : Guillem addresses Love : "What will become of me, I have obeyed all your orders." He suffers and is ill.

l. 2466 : Love says to him : "There is she whom I try to deliver and I wish you also to try : but do not look at her so that it shall be perceived. I will teach you to deceive the jealous fool."

l. 2721 : Love is a great archer who shoots straight to the heart. The wound does not appear without, but the wounded one loses vigor and can be healed only by wounding another : then both heal each other.

l. 2810 : Love shows him his lady in a dream. He speaks on his knees, but without fear, and she, yielding, discloses a plan.

l. 2970 : Love awakens him and Guillem reproaches him for having done it so soon.

l. 3326 : The power of love : even Love has no force against love.

ll. 3718, 3811 : The power of Love.

ll. 3850, 3944 : Appeal to Love for help.

l. 4340 : Love a teacher : Res non es Amors non ensin.

l. 5573 : Flamenca says : "Love is ruler and queen."

The Lover suffers, is restless, grows pale, loses sense :

l. 2037 : Guillem does not sleep.

¹ Roman de Flamenca, Paul Meyer, Paris, 1865.

- l. 2354 : Love takes away speech and hearing and makes men fools.
- l. 2357 : Guillem is absorbed in listening to the nightingale.
- l. 2390 : A Lover would not feel a slight blow.
- l. 2999 : A Lover is pale, has blue rings around his eyes, his pulse is feverish, he grows thin.
- l. 3007 : Love is worse than any other sickness.
- l. 3450 : He dreams of his lady.
- l. 5843 : The tint of Love : " Fin' Amor l'a donat un pauc De son tenc."

But in contrast to the usual relation, Flamenca also sighs, weeps, and suffers (5621).

Subtleties, hearts exchanged, wounds, debates :

- l. 1950 : His heart is with the prisoner.
- l. 2084 : Love is a simple element : play on words, *aimant* and *amant*.
- l. 2142 : Guillem faints at the sight of the tower in which Flamenca is confined. His spirit goes and caresses her. When Love had done his pleasure with the spirit, it returns to the body.
- l. 2204 : His eyes are fixed on the tower while he dresses.
- l. 2695 : In bed at night, he complains to Love. His heart is in the tower, and one cannot live without a heart.
- l. 2718 : He is wounded in two places, through the ears and the eyes.
- l. 4016 : A debate in Chrétien's style : ¹ Tort has. — Per que? — Si fai. — cossi? etc.
- l. 4600 : Subtleties of argument, pains, delights, the lady's beauty, subjection to Love.
- l. 5059 : Religion and gallantry.
- ll. 6887, 7374 : Exchange of hearts by lovers.

The lover's ravishment at a small token :

- l. 2570 : He sees her red mouth. He had not expected to obtain so much from his lady in a year. His eyes are paid with seeing and his heart with thinking.
- l. 2605 : More than a thousand times he kisses the leaf of the prayer-book where she had kissed it. He seems to have all the world and to lack nothing.
- l. 3190 : His joy in the prayer-book : touches it to his forehead, eyes, chin, and cheek.

¹ See Note appended to chap. ii.

A hint of the Courts of Love :

ll. 4180, 4318, 4535, 4733 : Flamenca consults with her maids in regard to the words Guillem has spoken, and takes their advice as to the answer she shall render.

This brief analysis shows how thoroughly the author of *Flamenca* absorbed and reproduced the spirit of Chrétien de Troies. Nor was he alone in his submission to this influence. As has been noted, others reveal the northern inspiration in the form of their verse, in the manner of their thought, and in the character of their imagery. Not only is this to be found in narrative poetry, but at the same time there appear in the lyric poems certain figures and subtleties which, as they were foreign to the previous troubadours, though favorites with Chrétien and his successors, may reasonably be ascribed to their influence.

Among these may be mentioned a conceit employed by Uc de St.-Circ, which was perhaps originally the property of Chrétien :

"I have three enemies and two evil lords, each of which distresses me night and day, as if he would kill me : the enemies are my eyes and heart, which make me wish for her who will not belong to me ; and one lord is Love, who holds my true heart and my true thought in pledge ; the other is you, lady, whom I love, to whom I dare not show or tell my heart, so do you kill me with longing and desire." — *Bartsch, Chres. 157, 24.*

Aimeric de Pegulhan presents a dialogue with Love, in which, after he has been coldly and cruelly rejected by his lady, the powerful god gives him comfort and advice :

"Love, does it seem to you that I shall ever have joy? Friend, yes, by suffering and serving." — *id. 161, 17.*

Guiraut de Calanso (*id. 165*) represents Love wearing a golden crown, and speaks of the wounding with arrows against which there is no defence, and of the palace with five gates and four steps, where all live in joy, but which no ill-bred person can enter.

Gaucelm Faidit finds his heart and his eyes traitors :

"Since my heart and my eyes have betrayed me, and my bad lady, and my good faith, so that each would have killed me if it could, I must complain as of bad servants ; and I will never again believe my eyes, lying traitors, nor trust them without surety : for he is foolish who does foolish vassalage and who believes he has at his command all pleasing and agreeable things that he sees." — *MW. ii. p. 84: Tres enemies.*

He argues of eyes and heart in the orthodox manner :

"I supplicate always toward my lady who, without blow of lance, wounded me so gently in the heart, with a sweet glance of her loving eyes, the day she gave me her joy and her acquaintance : that glance entered my heart so sweetly that it entirely delighted and soothed me : and with her eyes she made me a courteous wound : she then knew how to cure me courteously, wherefore I ought to be grateful and to thank her." — *MW. ii. p. 105: Ves ma domna.*

Raimon de Miraval expresses a devotion as unreasoning as that presented in *La Charrette* :

"If I ever do anything by which my lady is displeased, may God not forgive her, if she forgives me it ; for I do not wish to deceive or betray her, nor to dispute that which she says ill to me. All which honors her is honor to me, and I like all that pleases her ; and I wish to have wars and hostilities for her." — *MW. ii. p. 130: S'ieu ja res fauc.*

These last two motives have indeed been met before, but hardly so completely developed. In general, the later poets show a stronger tendency to argue about the subject and to fill their verse with fantastic theories. Love has become a science.

"My songs spring from fine love more than from any other science, for I should know nothing, were it not for love, and I should not buy knowledge so dear." — *Aimeric de Pegulhan, MW. ii. p. 164: De fin' amor.*

This constant search for ingenious metaphors and metaphysical distinctions, together with the delight in difficult forms and rhymes, represents a tendency which found its

fullest development in the dark or hidden poetry. The merit upon which writers of this kind of verse most prided themselves was the obscurity of their songs. The more difficult a piece was to understand, the more beautiful they considered it. Arnaut Daniel seems to have been the founder of this style, and it flourished largely in the thirteenth century.¹ Other of the late troubadours regarded their art as a branch of the higher learning and claimed the title of Doctors of Poetry.²

In spite of their intellectual acuteness, often on account of this, the ideas of these singers leave upon the modern reader the impression of childishness. The preponderating importance assigned to petty details seems rather absurd, and the play of their ingenuity often appears mere nonsense. Still, it must be remembered that matters which are to us the mere commonplaces of life had for them the attraction of novelty and were frequently in themselves a great advance in civilization. The immense value attached to courtesy affords an excellent example. The importance of each step toward refinement in manners can be well appreciated upon a comparison of the primitive savagery of the old epics with the increasing delicacy of sentiment and polite restraint represented in the later romances.³ Such a progress would be chiefly owing to the influence of those high-born ladies who inspired the loves and the songs of the troubadours. To please them, one must be courteous, as well as generous and valiant. Thus courtesy became the greatest of virtues, the prerequisite and the effect of love, and the principle was established that love itself is the source of every good.

¹ Diez, *Poesie der Troub.* p. 60. For trace of this influence in Dante, see *Vita Nuova*, § xix. : "Certo io temo d'avere a troppi comunicato il suo intendimento." It is also to be found in the *Divina Commedia*.

² Diez, *Poesie*, etc. p. 62.

³ Compare, for example, the sexual passion of Huon de Bordeaux with the love of Cligès, Launcelot, or Yvain.

The poetic art, which was at first entirely a court production, composed by and for the knightly order, gradually grew more and more to be the possession of the middle class. After the second half of the thirteenth century, the poets are almost exclusively bourgeois, and the towns, with their increasing strength and wealth, became the nurseries of song.¹ Gradually all centered in Toulouse where the floral games barely kept poetry alive. Though Love still furnished the chief subject of song, it was not the early mundane passion, but the love of the Virgin Mary and the love of God.² Even the *Alba* was turned to the service of religion.³ Frivolity had given place to earnestness, but the genius had fled. The youth and strength of the Provençal lyric art was spent in the gayeties of the courts, only its decay was given to the service of philosophy and religion. In this respect, indeed, it resembles the lives of many of its individual votaries who, during their years of strength and passion, sang with light heedlessness in the sunshine of courtly favor, and passed with grief in their declining days to the stern penance of the cloister.⁴

When the serious middle class seized upon the heirloom of chivalrous society, they retained the whole conventional system, but interpreted it in harmony with their ideas and surroundings. Allegory was their instrument for accomplishing the great transformation and, under its fashioning vigor, the love-songs which had amused a frivolous and fashionable society, yielded up a profound and all-embracing philosophy. Every force of nature and every impulse of the human soul was called Love,⁵ and Matfre Ermengau, Master in laws and servant of Love and of all faithful lovers,⁶ could sit down in

¹ Bartsch, Gr. § 21; Chres. 211.

² Gr. § 48.

³ id. § 26.

⁴ e.g. Peire d'Alverne, MW. i. p. 89; Peire Rogier, id. p. 117; Bertran de Born, id. p. 255; Folquet de Marseille, id. p. 315.

⁵ cf. Divina Commedia, Purgatorio, xviii.

⁶ M. Gedichte, i. p. 181, ccxcix.

the spring of 1288 and write, under the title of *Breviari d'Amors*, a rhymed encyclopaedia of the knowledge of the time.

This poem is thus described by Bartsch:¹

"The work embraces all the theological and natural knowledge of the thirteenth century, founded upon the most widely differing sources, which exhibit the author's learning and extensive reading. He begins with the distinction between heavenly and earthly Love and presents it in a picture of the Tree of Love, which is painted in the manuscripts and accompanied with a prose description. Treating of heavenly love, he expounds the being of God, as well as of the angels and devils. Passing to earthly love, he describes heaven and earth, the heavenly bodies, the elements, precious stones and their powers, the winds, the clouds, the rain; the division of time into days, months, etc., into the ages of the world; the plants and animals. Then he treats of mankind and its history, of the laws of nature and of nations, of the love of God and of one's neighbor. There follow sacred history, preaching, prayer with its different kinds. Further on, of sins and penalties of Hell; of the Last Judgment. The sins of every rank from top to bottom are reviewed and censured; this section is peculiarly interesting from the standpoint of the history of manners. Then of faith, the articles of belief, the life of Jesus, lives of St. Andrew and the evangelists John and Thomas. Of love between the sexes and its dangers. Discussion of true love, for which numerous selections from the Troubadours, sometimes also from the Trouvères, are cited as authorities, and sometimes refuted. This part is the most important from the literary standpoint. Thereupon he comes to conjugal love, to the love between parents and children, and to education, with which the whole work concludes."

This is a surprisingly solid and nutritious fruit to have grown from so fragile a blossom as the love-songs of the troubadours. Born of hymns in honor of a heathen divinity, developed to serve the requirements of illicit passion, and propagated as a means of fashionable amusement and of courtly flattery, the lyrics of Provence faded into didacticism and commonplace.

But before the day of their decline, they had impressed their features upon every neighboring land.² France, Germany,

¹ Gr. § 34.

² P. Meyer, *Rom.* 1876, p. 261.

Italy, Spain — all joined the monotonous chorus. The courtly lyrics of northern France are in form and spirit merely a reflection of those of the south,—a heightened reflection, indeed, for the inspiration of love dominates them even more completely.¹ To quote examples would be ridiculous excess. A glance at any collection will reveal an endless repetition of the commonplaces of gallantry already set forth *ad nauseam* in this study, and they add nothing to the precepts of the *Roman de la Rose*.² In fact, these commonplaces are almost all to be found in the refrains.³

In the north, too, the forms expressing worldly love, even the immoral *Pastourelle*, were often turned to pious uses,⁴ and the Arthurian legends, in which this love poetry was from the first so thoroughly incorporated and which were consecrated at the beginning to the portrayal of profane passion and of thoroughly worldly ideals, ended in the glorification of abnegation and chastity.⁵ Launcelot and Guinevere part in penitent anguish to the solitary gloom of their separate convents, while, in the splendor of perfect achievement, irradiated by the glory of the Holy Grail, emerges the figure of the sinless knight.

¹ G. Paris, *Litt. du Moyen Age*, § 125. .

² Examples abound even in Bartsch and Hornung's *Langue et Littérature Françaises*, 300, 301, 313, 353, 381, 491-506; and Bartsch's *Chres.* 221-231.

³ Jeanroy, *Origines*, pp. 120, 121; G. Paris, *Hist. Litt.* xxix. pp. 480-482.

⁴ Jeanroy, *Origines*, Appendix: Ave Maria, J'aim tant; Li debonaires Diex m'a mis en sa prison: pp. 482, 483.

⁵ G. Paris, *Rom.* 1881, p. 465.

VIII.

THE butterflies die, and the loves of the troubadours were, not infrequently, ended by the sudden hand of death. The heartfelt laments which burst from the depths of earnest grief soon became a conventional habit of mourning; and each poet, imitating his predecessors, heaped the same curses and abuse upon personified Death, set forth in the same phrases the injury she had done, and eulogized the departed one with the same hyperboles. The song of lament became as much a matter of fashionable form as the weeds of the mourner; and the lover who had lost his mistress found that a due regard for propriety demanded that he should complain of the tyranny of Death, just as the lover whose mistress treated him with disdain was impelled by the same reason to complain of the tyranny of Love.

An early example of the song of lament is furnished by Bertran de Born's famous poem upon the death of the young king.¹ He begins:

"If all the grief and the weeping and the sorrow and the pains and the injury and the misfortune, that one might have in this sad world, were put together, they would all seem light in comparison with the death of the young English king." — *Stimming*, p. 72: *Bartsch*, *Chres.* 114, 22: *Si tuit li dol.*

He addresses Death:

"Powerful Death, full of sorrow, thou canst boast that thou hast taken from the world the best cavalier that ever was of any people." — *Stimming*, p. 73: *Bartsch*, *Chres.* 115, 13: *Estenta mortz.*

¹ Even in the *Roland* we have laments of a real lyrical character: see particularly that of Charlemagne, ccxxxvi. — ccxl., *La Chanson de Roland*, Léon Gautier, Édition Classique, 1892.

The king is praised as the best of all in the world, and the poem concludes with a prayer for the salvation of his soul.

Another piece on the same subject opens with the words :

"I end my singing for all time to come, in grief and suffering, and consider it finished, for I have lost my reason and my joy and the best king that was ever born." — *Stimming*, p. 70 : *MW. i. p. 284* : *Mon chan fenisc*.

This piece is devoted entirely to the praise of his valor and largess.

Chrétien de Troies, who gathered so much of the spirit and language of the Provençal lyric poetry into his narratives, has also this topic in its full development. In *Cligès*, after Fenice has taken the potion which gives her the appearance of death, the people lament, calling out :

"God, what trouble and what pain has injurious Death made us ! Covetous Death, Gluttonous Death !" (5791)

They call the curse of God upon Death who has extinguished all beauty. God has too much patience when he suffers her to destroy his works. He ought to punish her for such an outrage. When the physicians from Salerno ask the meaning of these cries and tears, the people answer :

"Heavens, do you not know ? All the world ought to lose its reason with us, if it only knew the great damage and loss. Where did you come from that you do not know ? We will tell you, for we wish you to join our sorrow. God had illumined the world with a light. Death has taken her, the best she could find. Beauty, courtesy, knowledge, all virtue that woman could possess" (5825-56). "In such wise they curse and blame Death" (6131).

Later Cligès, who also believes Fenice lifeless, delivers his address to Death :

"Ha, Death, how vile thou art !" (6238)

He wonders that he lives when she is dead, and proceeds to lose himself in subtilizing and puns. We have also the lament of Launcelot in *La Charrette* :

"Ha, vile injurious Death! Death, for God's sake, why hadst thou not so much power and virtue that thou mightest kill me before my lady!" (4318)

Here, indeed, the conventional form has buried true feeling. The abuse of Death, the praises of the departed, the immoderate clamor express nothing but love of show.

The troubadours, however, often touch a truer chord. Pons de Capdueil's lament for the death of Donna Alazais is full of beauty (Bartsch, Chres. 123, 29):

"Of all the wretched I am he who has the greatest pain and suffers the greatest torment: wherefore I wish to die, and he who should kill me would be kind, since I am so despairing. . . . Traitorous Death, truly indeed can I say to you that you could not kill a better in the world."

He wishes he had died first and desires not to survive his lady long. The best has gone from the world, what is left is valueless.

"Now we may know that the angels above are happy and joyous because of her death . . . the angels praise her with joy and singing. He who was never a liar ought to seat her in paradise above all others."

He gives up singing to moan and weep and sigh.

Aimeric de Pegulhan (MW. ii. 159) praises the Countess Beatritz for her beauty, virtue, and social charm:

"Lady, youth is buried with you: and joy is entirely interred and lost."

But the exaggeration of woe and desolation in such pieces seems rather theatrical. The power of real grief rarely comes forth to move our hearts. The spirit of form has slain the spirit of life.¹

¹ For a systematic treatment of these poems, vide Springer, *Das Altprovenzalische Klagelied*, Berlin, 1894.

IX.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Italy was without a literature, while its western neighbor possessed two, the French and the Provençal, whose rich development was highly admired and closely copied both at home and abroad.¹ Many of the troubadours visited Italy to enjoy the hospitality of her princes. Their songs, composed in a kindred speech, were not long without imitators, and we soon find a host of Italian versifiers raising their voices to chant the woes and the joys of love both in the Provençal and in their native tongue.²

The poetry thus produced was empty and formal, little more than the translation of outworn formulas into a nearly related language. The monotony of the originals has been fully illustrated. Some quotations are subjoined to show how completely this monotony was reproduced on this new soil.³

Love is the only good :

"Love, the time in which I was without loving, it seems to me in truth that, even though I lived, I was without life." — *Bonaggiunta*, p. 142.

Love is an irresistible power, a god :⁴

"Love so presses me, and has so taken me, and in such wise conquered me, that I think of nothing else." — *Enzo Re*, p. 65.

"Surely it is no great dishonor when one is conquered by his better ; and the less, by Love, who conquers all." — *Guido delle Colonne*, p. 75.

"But if I have not aid from Love, who has put me in his prison, I know not at what court to beg for justice." — *Stefano*, p. 94.

¹ Gaspary, *Geschichte der Ital. Lit.* p. 51.

² *id.* pp. 54-55.

³ The quotations are from Nannucci, *Manuale*, vol. i.

⁴ For their discussion as to the reality of this personage, vide Goldschmidt, *Die Doktrin der Liebe bei den italiänischen Lyrikern des 13. Jahrhunderts*, Breslau, 1889.

"Then I pray Love to aid me." — *Guido delle Colonne*, p. 81.

"Since it pleases thee, Love, that I should make poetry, I will do all I can to succeed." — *Federigo Secondo*, p. 20.

The cause of Love is beauty :

"The beauty seen in you overcomes me, and the sight of your face." — *Rinaldo d'Aquino*, p. 101.

"Your great beauty, lady, has made me love ; and your good actions have made me a singer." — *Mazzo Ricco*, p. 132.

This beauty passes through the eyes to the heart :

"Thus, whence one hopes, Love wounds, and sends forth the dart ; it wounds where one does not expect. passes through the eyes and pierces the heart." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, p. 120.

Love causes the worst sort of anguish :

"I only grieve. My delight is turned into melancholy. . . . My ills cannot be told, nor the pains I feel." — *Folcacchiero*, p. 17.

"I abound in so many torments that I lose all natural color ; so does my heart suffer and grieve." — *Enzo Re*, p. 69.

"Her beautiful person has taken from me joy and laughter and has put me in pains and in great torments." — *Odo delle Colonne*, p. 87.

"Love has led me to sighs and weeping." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, p. 113.

"No man can know what suffering is, except by experiencing the pain of Love." — *Dante da Maiano*, p. 315.

But

"By suffering one becomes victorious." — *Bonaggiunta*, p. 151.

There is no rest for lovers :

"All the world lives without warfare, and I can have no peace." — *Folcacchiero*, p. 16.

"For you, beautiful one, I am put in loving thought and in great desire, so that I cannot rest." — *Rinaldo d'Aquino*, p. 101.

The lover dreams of his lady :

"It happens that, if I see her in dreams, I sleep and make love ; I believe I am awake, but I do not desire any other good." — *Ciacco dell' Anguillara*, p. 191.

"Fine true Love, to whom I am obedient, brings me into your presence, so that I hold you closely embraced." — *Messer Polo*, p. 56.

The lady is in the lover's heart :

"Within my heart I bear your likeness." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, p. 114.

He sends his heart to her :

"Thus attractive lady, my heart, which I send you, so that it shall tell you my pains, remains with you, and I lose it." — *Chiario Davanzati*, p. 207.

Love is full of contradictions, — it is a madness :

"To love is indeed a delightful distress and can well be called sweet pain." — *Guido delle Colonne*, p. 74.

"More foolish is he who more loves." — *id.* p. 76.

"I have become mad — loving too much." — *Tommaso di Sasso*, p. 89.

"On account of my long continuance in great torment, I have changed my nature ; so that I have joy in weeping and in laughing I feel distress," etc. — *Meo Abbracciavacca*, p. 203.

The lover trembles before his lady :

"Surely I fear indeed to show my wish." — *Pier delle Vigne*, p. 28.

"It does not seem that a man without fear can be in love ; for it is not fitting to love without fear." — *Ranieri da Palermo*, p. 51.

"The power she has to kill or cure me I dare not tell with tongue for the great fear I have that she will be angered." — *Enzo Re*, p. 69.

"I am so bashful that I gaze at you secretly and do not show you my love." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, p. 115.

There is the fear of detection, the desire for secrecy :

"Oh, might I come to you, loving one, like the thief secretly, and not be seen." — *Pier delle Vigne*, p. 26.

"I sing joyously, . . . but not for that do I show the cause of my joy, for that would be a fault." — *Ranieri da Palermo*, p. 51. ❖

"I burn within, and try to appear so that I do not show what my heart feels." — *Guido delle Colonne*, p. 75.

Gallantry and religion are jumbled together :

"I set my heart to serve God so that I might go to Paradise. . . . I do not wish to go without my lady, her who has blond hair and clear coun-

tenance, for without her I could not be happy, being separated from my lady." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, *p.* 123.

The poet is full of devotion, loyalty, and submission ; he has been so from the first day ; he worships his lady, loves to praise her, and finds nothing of value compared with her :

"I never wished, nor do I wish, nor shall I wish anything except to do all to please you." — *Folcacchiero*, *p.* 18.

"I put myself entirely in her command." — *Ruggerone da Palermo*, *p.* 54.

"I have been at her will and shall be without fail." — *Enzo Re*, *p.* 66.

"It is no distress to die if she has joy in it ; for living pleases me only for her true service." — *Arrigo Testa*, *p.* 70.

"I had rather have pains for her than joy with another." — *Guido delle Colonne*, *p.* 83.

"My gentle lady, since I fell in love gazing on your lovely face, I have thought of nothing else than to obey your command." — *Chiario Davanzati*, *p.* 204.

"My lady, as soon as I saw you I was surprised by love ; nor do I believe I have ever thought of anything but you." — *Fra Guittone*, *p.* 169.

"Beautiful one, fearing I praise you in my song ; for surely I believe that little would be the good I could say which could exalt you." — *Ranieri da Palermo*, *p.* 52.

"I have praised you much, my lady, in many places, for the beauties which you have." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, *p.* 116.

"I believe, indeed, that, if God had it to do, he could not fix his thought on you so that he would be able to form your like." — *id.* *p.* 122.

The lady's influence ennobles :

"The great nobility which I have found in you, lady, compels me always to make poetry." — *Messer Polo*, *p.* 55.

"Love has the virtue to make a vile man worthy. If he is rude, it turns him to courtesy." — *Bonaggiunta*, *p.* 142.

"Fountain of every good ; for from her springs every other earthly good." — *id.* *p.* 143.

"There is no joy nor good without comfort, nor without rejoicing, nor rejoicing without fine love." — *id.* *p.* 144.

They beg for pity :

"I beg pity of you and ask grace." — *Ranieri da Palermo*, p. 49.

"I pray softly to Pity that it should go and repose in her." — *Enzo Re*, p. 70.

"Surely Love commits great discourtesy, for he does not overcome thee who goest mocking : to me, who serve, he does not give happiness." — *Jacopo da Lentino*, p. 118.

"I pray you, my sweet enemy, that you exercise grace and pity." — *Semprebene*, p. 138.

"Grace, for God's sake, let it not please you that I perish." — *Bonaggiunta*, p. 151.

The end of their passion is possession :

"From the flower one hopes for fruit, and from love that which is desired." — *Bonaggiunta*, p. 145.

There is hardly a page devoted to these poets in Nannucci's *Manuale* which would not furnish additional examples of these conventions.

Here, too, we find the song of lament with all the old machinery :

"Death, why hast thou made such great war upon me that thou hast taken from me my lady, for whom I grieve? Thou hast slain the flower of the beauties of the earth, wherefore the world has remained forlorn. Rude Death, who hast no pity!" — *Giacomo Pugliese*, p. 104.

The piece continues with the usual desolation, praises of beauty, and wish that the lady's soul may rest in Paradise. Pacino Angiolieri (p. 221) calls death, "Treacherous Death, pitiless Death, cruel Death," and exclaims :

"But God ought not to permit that such beauty should be thus spoiled by thee, Death, since He created it" (p. 222).

He reviews the happiness of his love, — "I do not hope ever again to be joyous," — and closes by begging God to take his lady's soul into His kingdom.

The Italians had also the *tenzone*, largely in the form of sonnets, upon subjects connected with love.¹ All the affectations of the troubadours, such as the *rims cars* and *equivocs*, were imitated.² The courtly style was used in praise of the Virgin Mary,³ and Jacopone employs all the conventional phraseology in his religious poems.⁴ The romances of chivalry and the *Roman de la Rose* were also not without influence. The Italian love-poetry seemed about to imitate the didacticism of the Provençal decline, as it had faintly reflected the glory of its prime, when the downward movement was turned back by original genius.

Chivalry never took firm root in Italy. Its customs, manners, and literature were imitated, but they always remained foreign, superficial, and unreal.⁵ Even at the court of Frederick II. they had no vitality,⁶ and in the free towns the commons developed a far different ideal of living. That this exotic literature did not miserably fade and perish was owing to the influence of a great University, and of the genius which it cultivated and inspired. Bologna, mother of studies, first "married Science to Art,"⁷ and Guido Guinicelli rose to be the poetic father of the love-poet Dante. Thus, while the bloom of chivalric literature in France declined into flat, pedantic, prosaic didacticism, in Italy a fresher blossom yielded a nobler fruit. Guittone d'Arezzo, the "dear father" of Guido Guini-

¹ Gaspari, *op. cit.* p. 82; Goldschmidt, *Doktrin der Liebe*, pp. 24, 25.

² Gaspari, p. 82.

³ *id.* p. 133.

⁴ Nannucci, *Manuale*, i. 376 seq., though some of the poems there printed are not his.

⁵ Gaspari, p. 61; Carducci *Studi Letterari*, Livorno, 1880, p. 19.

⁶ In regard to the songs there written Gaspari remarks (p. 63): "Das Leben der Verfasser war oft so bunt und stürmisch, so voll von Poesie; aber in ihre Verse ist nichts davon übergegangen, weil sie nach einem gemeinsamen Typus dichteten, der mit ihrer eigenen Empfindungsweise nichts zu thun hatte."

⁷ Carducci, *op. cit.* p. 38.

celli,¹ is a characteristic representative of the old manner ;² Guido himself wrote largely in the same style,³ but a happy invention, "the marriage of Science and Art," originated a new school which, after a brief conflict with conservatism and stupidity, gloriously triumphed under the leadership of the illustrious masters who made Florence the capital of the world of letters.

The gift of Guido Guinicelli to Italian literature is thus expounded by Gaspary :⁴

"This reform of poetry occurs under the influence of learning. Philosophy, when Tommaso and Bonaventura were teaching, having risen to new consideration, forced its way in learned Bologna even into poetry, which received from it the content as well as the mode of presentation. In the canzone of *amore e cor gentil* there stands at the beginning, as a philosophical thesis, the proposition that love takes its seat only in the noble heart, in the heart that possesses virtue and high-mindedness, and this proposition is then expounded by a series of similes.

"The question regarding the being, the origin, and the operation of love was an old one ; it had busied the Provençal writers, and the Italians had treated of it very often, and with special preference. But the solution had throughout been the same, consisting of those trivialities which each borrowed from the others. Love, so it went, arises from seeing and being pleased ; the image of beauty goes through the sight into the soul, seats itself in the heart, and fills the thoughts,—a superficial treatment which describes the matter, instead of seeking for fundamentals. In Guido's canzone there appears, in lieu of these commonplaces, another conception : Love seeks its place in the noble heart, as the bird in the foliage ; nobility of heart and love are simultaneous and inseparable, like the sun and its splendor ; as the sun, when it has purified the gem from all baser elements,

¹ "O caro padre meo . . . A vo' in ciò solo com'a maestr' accorgo" (p. 39). *Rime dei Poeti Bolognesi*. T. Casini, Bologna, 1881.

² Guittone wrote an Art of Love in a series of sonnets, for analysis of which vide Goldschmidt, *op. cit.* pp. 50 seq., and *La Poesia Giovanile e la Canzone D'Amore di Guido Cavalcanti*, Salvadori, Roma, 1895, pp. 17 seq. That Guittone elevated the system of love is proved by what he omitted from the twelve precepts of André le Chapelain, and what he added to them, *id.* p. 21.

³ Gaspary, p. 103.

⁴ pp. 104-106.

lends the stone its magic power, so does the image of the beloved kindle the heart which nature has made pure and noble ; and as water extinguishes fire, so the least touch of vulgarity quenches love. The feelings that proceed from the beloved are said to fill him who yields himself truly to her, as the power of God streams into the heavenly intelligences. — Thus had the conception of love changed ; the earthly passion is clarified, brought into connection with the highest that the soul knows ; it is a philosophical conception of love, and in the similes which serve to found and to expound it in so rich and varied a manner, the old repertory has entirely vanished :

“ ‘The sun smites the mud all day, but it remains vile, and the sun loses no heat. The arrogant man says : I am gentle by descent ; I liken him to the mud, noble worth to the sun.’

“ We recognize here the thinker, who seeks significance and expressiveness in the image, even if he does not always attain the beautiful. . . .

“ The striving after depth, and at the same time a new power, a new earnestness, is what distinguishes this movement from the old. Love and my Lady remain abstractions, but they receive a different significance. My Lady is still the embodiment of all perfection ; but she becomes at the same time a symbol, the incarnation of something higher. Love for her passes beyond her to virtue, to the highest good ; the chivalrous love of the Provençals has been transformed into spiritual love. Poetry receives a symbolic and allegorical character ; its proper purpose becomes gradually the presentation of philosophical truth masked in a beautiful veil of imagery, according to Dante’s definition. This admixture of learning is, in and by itself, no real poetic element : but the new content stands in the closest relation with the personality of the poet, and is not simply adopted from without : the learned symbolism saves him from the old phrases, and thus occasionally feeling itself again attains freedom. And here we have the great departure from Guittone. Guittone moralized and argued, and remained thereby flat, dry, and prosaic ; Love and knowledge, head and fancy, are not united in him as in the new school ; he offers merely the naked truth, the beautiful veil is lacking ; there are lacking the poetic imagery and warmth of feeling, as we find them in Guido Guinicelli, for example, in the conclusion of his famous canzone, the most perfect that we possess from him. God accuses the soul because it has likened its earthly love to heavenly things, and it excuses itself :

“ ‘Lady ! God will say to me, what do you presume ? (my soul being before him). You passed the heavens and came even to me, and in vain love used me for a comparison ; for to me belongs the praise, and to the queen of the worthy kingdom, through whom ceases every lie. I can say

to Him: She had the appearance of an angel that belonged to your kingdom: it was not a sin if I gave her my love.'"¹

Transported to Florence this philosophical tendency attracted the rising generation, absorbing the youthful literary genius of the city. The forms which court poets had fashioned for the lyrics and romances of chivalry were adapted to fresh conditions. The virtues of the philosopher were substituted for the virtues of the knight, and the exaggerated laudation of princesses was vivified in its new application by the loftiness of an enthusiastic idealism.² This movement, too, led to the arid region of abstractions, a region whose withering breath the great world-poet himself did not escape; but its first steps were through an enchanted garden, luxuriant with fragrant flowers. Here the dust and ashes through which we have been plodding spring into sweet life.

Although the old forms and images remain, the fresh vividness of feeling, and the real meaning which they represent, transfigure them. If the change is not apparent in each individual poem, it cannot be missed in the perusal of half a dozen composed by any writer of this school. Even in the following selections, which have been chosen with the purpose of merely illustrating the retention of the old formulas, the reader cannot fail to perceive the breath of new life. We give together examples chosen indifferently from Bolognese and Florentine writers, for although the school of Florence represents a higher development than that of Bologna, the two are yet so closely

¹ "I provenzali svolsero ciò che potremmo chiamare la fisiologia e la patologia dell'amore, e tanto la svolsero che per quella parte i nostri niente più trovarono a dir di nuovo; ma i provenzali non assorsero anche alla questione filosofica dell'amore, essi non posero o almeno non trattarono sul serio il problema della natura di esso, come fecero gl'italiani, ed è questa una differenza che, dal Guinicelli in poi, fu già rilevata qual nota caratteristica dell'arte nostra che si emancipava." *Primordj della Scuola Poetica Italiana da Bologna a Palermo*, E. Monaci, *Nuova Antologia*, 2da serie, vol. 46, p. 616; see also Carducci, *Studi Letterari*, pp. 40, 41; and Goldschmidt, *Doktrin der Liebe*, pp. 25-37.

² Gaspari, pp. 215-217.

connected in tendency that it would be useless to separate them.

Love is an irresistible god whom lovers serve and obey, and who aids them in their efforts :

"Suffering and weary, I have no courage, for thou, Love, dost assail and combat me : against thee I cannot remain standing, for thou dost at once strike me to earth." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 42.

"Love has given me to my lady to serve her." — *id.* *p.* 41.

"O my lady, didst thou not see him who held his hand upon my heart, when I answered thee hoarsely and softly, in fear of his strokes?" — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 266.

"Only Love compels me, against whom avails neither force nor restraint." — *id.* *p.* 280.

"Love, I am not worthy to call to mind thy nobility and thy wisdom : therefore I ask pardon if, desiring to praise thee, I fail." — *Lapo Gianni*, *p.* 246.

"Ballata, since Love composed thee in my mind, where he resides, go to her whose great attractions shot an arrow through my eyes into my heart." — *id.* *p.* 249.

See also the conversation between *Amore* and *Madonna*, by *Lapo* (*p.* 241), in which Love intercedes for the lover.

The cause of love is beauty. This passes through the eyes to the heart, and there inflicts a grievous wound :

"Your lovely salutation and the gentle glance you give me when I meet you, kill me." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 42.

"The stroke came with such force that my eyes did not withstand it at all, but it passed into my heart, which bore it and felt itself grievously wounded." — *id.* *p.* 38.

"In the midst of my heart she cast a dart which cut it in pieces and divided it. . . . Through the eyes it passes like the lightning which strikes through the window of the tower and breaks and crushes what it finds within." — *id.* *p.* 42.

See Tommaso Buzzuola, *p.* 357 : the dart passes through the eyes as light through glass.

"He (Love) then drew sighs from my eyes, which were cast so forcibly from my heart that I fled terrified." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 267.

This idea of sighs pressed from the heart through the eyes is characteristic of the new manner of the Florentines.

"They turned their eyes so that they saw how my heart was wounded ; and how a little spirit, born of weeping, had issued from the midst of the wound." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 271.

"She wounds me so when I see her that I feel a sigh tremble in my heart. From her eyes, for which I burn, there issues a very gentle spirit of love, which is full of such virtue that, when it reaches me, my soul departs as one that may not bear it."¹ — *id.* *p.* 283.

The doctrine is explained by Guido Guinicelli :

"It seems that from true delight fine love descends gazing at what pleases the heart ; that, when one sees a pleasing object, it surrounds the heart with thoughts and at once desire grows." — *p.* 36.

The parts of the body are personified : they speak or depart from the owner :

"The heart says to the eyes : I die because of you. The eyes say to the heart : Thou hast undone us." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 42.

"When my soul was revived, it called to my heart, crying : Art thou now dead, that I do not feel thee in thy place ? Then answered my heart, which had little life, alone, a wanderer and comfortless, so that it could scarcely talk, and said : O soul, help me to rise." — *Lapo Gianni*, *p.* 248.

The effects of love are suffering almost to death, which is increased by the coldness of the lady :

"From that the loving heart should derive pain and weeping, and should lament its misfortune." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 37.

"My cruel lady has so stricken me that I feel such pain within me that my soul is forced to depart from my heart." — *Onesto Bolognese*, *p.* 158.

"My soul, suffering and fearful, weeps over the sighs which it finds in my heart, so that bathed in tears they issue forth." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 267.

¹ These little spirits were favorites with the Florentine poets. See *Vita Nuova*, ed. D'Ancona, 1884, *p.* 104 : see also Nannucci's *Manuale*, G. Cavalcanti, *p.* 282 ; Lapo Gianni, *p.* 254 ; Gianni Alfani, *p.* 304 ; Dino Frescobaldi, *p.* 336. For the philosophical origin of them from Avicenna through Albertus Magnus, vide Salvadori, *op. cit.* *pp.* 64, 65.

"Lady, I suffer still when I remember the painful strokes and the agonies which my desires suffered when I looked into your loving eyes and sustained passion in every member." — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 256.

"A battle, strong and fierce and hard, which lasts so cruelly that I change color and boldness abandons me." — *Dino Frescobaldi*, p. 332.

"By the weeping that my eyes do, alas ! they make others aware of the bitter pain that my heart bears." — *id.* p. 336.

Sometimes the lady is heartless or mocks her lover :

"I do not hope ever to find pity in her eyes ; she is so light-hearted." — *Dino Frescobaldi*, p. 336.

"Lady, you mocked them (sighs) smiling." — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 256.

The lover suffers day and night :

"Neither day nor night do I stop thinking thoughts of anguish, so that I am never out of torment." — *Loffo Bonaguidi*, p. 361.

He becomes speechless and senseless, trembles before his beloved, hardly dares think of her :

"I cannot speak, for I burn in great pain, like one who sees his death." — *Guido Guinicelli*, p. 42.

"I am assailed by love of her with so fierce a battle of sighs that I am not bold enough to appear before her." — *id.* p. 43.

"Like a gentle amorous ray, from your eyes there came to me a splendor, which so overcame me with love that before you I have always been afraid, so did fear encircle my heart." — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 244.

"I feel so undone that I dare not, even in thought, beg for grace : for I find Love who says : 'She seems so gentle that one cannot imagine any man in this world could dare to look at her if he did not first tremble' : and I, if I gaze at her, must die." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, p. 283.

Love must be concealed from hostile ones :

"Thou bearest tidings of sighs full of suffering and much fear ; but have care that no one sees thee who is hostile to nobility." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, p. 277.

The worship of the lady, the laudation of her beauty and virtues, and the expression of entire devotion are carried far

beyond anything that we have hitherto encountered. The passage already quoted from Guido Guinicelli (p. 119, "Lady, God will say") furnished a model below which later poets would be loath to sink.

Beauty is thus praised :

"It seems that all worth is placed in her : I can briefly tell of it : My lady is of all ladies the rarest joy. Indeed she is a rare joy to see when she appears, decked and adorned, for she makes all about her shine and fills everything around with joyousness. At night, if she appears, she gives it splendor, as the sun during the day ; she so lights up the air that the day becomes very envious, since it alone had brightness, and now the night comes to vie with it." — *Guido Guinicelli*, p. 40.

"She passes through the street so adorned and so gentle, of one she casts down his pride, and to another she gives a salutation ; and she makes him of our Faith if he does not believe it already. And any one who is vile cannot approach her : I will tell you a greater virtue of hers : No man can think evil after he sees her." — *id.* p. 45.

"Who is she that comes, so that every one looks at her, who makes the air tremble with brightness ? and leads with her Love, so that no one can speak, but each sighs ? . . . Our mind is not so high, nor is there in us such worthiness, that we can of ourselves know anything about her." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, p. 270.

"This angel, that appears to have come from Heaven, seems by her speech the sister of Love, and her every little act is a wonder. Blessed the soul that she salutes !" — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 245.

"Thou wilt go first to that joy through whom Florence is resplendent and is prized." — *Gianni Alfani*, p. 305.

"I have attempted to praise your beauty and the unbounded wisdom which is in you, and I cannot tell how it truly is : therefore I grow afraid to praise you, and I cannot find words so high that your worth is not still higher."¹ — *Loffo Bonaguidi*, p. 360.

¹ Among countless examples, attention may be called to the following : Guido Guinicelli, pp. 43, 44 ; Guido Cavalcanti, p. 268 ; Lapo Gianni, pp. 247, 250, 254 ; Giraldo da Castello, p. 363.

That the vile in heart cannot love is an undisputed doctrine :

"Love always repairs to the gentle heart, as a bird in the forest to the green leaves. Nor did Nature make Love before the gentle heart, nor the gentle heart before Love." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 33.

"For I do not think that one of low heart can be acquainted with such matters." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 286.

"Whoever has no love, and does not feel it, I think, cannot show anything of himself that pertains to nobility." — *Guido Orlandi*, *p.* 299.

Love refines and ennobles the lover :

"The noble desire that I have for this youthful lady, who has appeared, makes me despise vileness and rudeness." — *Lapo Gianni*, *p.* 246.

"My gentle lady, the virtue of love, . . . thanks to you, has done me such honor that it teaches me and forbids that I should ever care for a vile thought." — *Lapo degli Uberti*, *p.* 260.

The lady elevates all who approach her ;

"By you are all beauties refined, and each blooms in its manner when you show yourself." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 45.

"No man can think evil after he sees her." — *id.* *p.* 45.

"He who does not see you can never be worth anything." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 268.

"Blessed the soul that she salutes !" — *Lapo Gianni*, *p.* 246.

"Wherever this beautiful lady appears there is heard a voice that comes before her, and it seems that with humility it sings her name so sweetly that, if I would tell it, I feel that her worth makes me tremble, and sighs move in my soul, which say : Behold, if thou gazest on her thou shalt see thy virtue ascended to Heaven." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, *p.* 282.

The lover expresses entire devotion :

"You show haughtiness to me, sweet lady, and I beg pity of you at whose pleasure, it seems to me, all things stand : Your servant bows to you, and I hope to have restoration from you, worthy lady." — *Guido Guinicelli*, *p.* 37.

"It pleases me to die for love of her." — *id.* *p.* 41.

"If she then changes countenance and color, I shall quickly tell her that nothing else pleases me, except that which contents her, and whatever she wishes, I wish it too." — *Lapo degli Uberti*, p. 262.

Yet there is much complaining and begging for pity :

"Ballata, when thou shalt be before the gentle lady, I know that thou wilt tell sorrowfully of my anguish. Say : He who sends me to you, is woeful ; since he says that he does not hope ever to find pity amidst such courtesy as accompanies his lady." — *Guido Cavalcanti*, p. 283.

"My new song, since I am distant from her who has her soul adorned with love, go for the comfort of our life, and beg that she have mercy on me. Let thy manner be courteous and soft, when thou shalt stand humbly before her, and tell her of my infinite pain." — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 257.

"Little woeful ballad, go showing my tears. . . . If she turns in pity toward thee to listen to the pains thou bearest, wailing, woeful, and ashamed, picture to her how my eyes are dead from the great and strong strokes that they received from hers at my departure, which now I weep in song." — *Gianni Alfani*, p. 305.

The end of their desire is never carnally expressed, as it was in the old troubadours. A small token or a salute is frequently all they ask. If the lady does not disdain them they are happy :

"She was so courteous to me that she did not disdain my soft speaking : whence I wish sweetly to thank Love, who made me worthy of so great honor." — *Lapo Gianni*, p. 246.

The entire tendency of this poetry is toward a high spiritual ideal. The body no longer fills the singer's thoughts. It is rather a symbol of something higher. Physical beauty becomes the expression of spiritual beauty ; character and purity of soul are frequent themes ; the words *spirit*, *soul*, *virtue*, *humility*, *lofty mind* occur constantly, and although the old frivolous conventional formulas are employed, they are interpreted to suit the deeper and richer thought which inspired this more serious group of poets.

That the burden of thought should in many cases outweigh the poetical inspiration was inevitable. In many even of Dante's verses, this fault is painfully evident, and in slighter writers it results in the dreariest allegory. Dino Compagni¹ furnishes an excellent example of this in his poem *L'Intelligenza*. At the beginning we have the spring, birds, flowers, dancing, etc. Seated under a pine by the banks of a stream, the poet feels the ray of love penetrate his heart. After speaking of the benefits of love, he describes the beauty of his lady, her blond hair, her complexion, even her dress. Naturally he trembles, unworthy as he is, before this beauty that enlumines the world. He next describes her palace in the East and, in telling of the pictures that adorn it, he inserts, among other things, a long historical romance of Julius Caesar, translated from the French. In the palace he beholds the conventional entertainments, and at length he confesses his love, concluding his poem with a complete explanation of his allegory, in which we discover with languid interest that his lady is *Intelligence*.² Francesco da Barbarino uses the old conventions in much the same way in his *Documenti d'Amore*. Love is the source of all good; illicit love is called *rabiem*. There is a reunion of the servitors of Love at the castle of the God. The twelve ladies who form a sort of Court of Love are Docility, Industry, Constancy, etc.³ Brunetto Latini, though writing with a more direct purpose of conveying instruction, halts to describe Nature as a beautiful lady with golden hair, beautiful eyes, red lips, clear-cut nose, silvery teeth, white throat, and other beauties that language fails to convey.⁴

¹ If he be really the author.

² For selections, see Nannucci's *Manuale*, i. 489 seq.

³ Thomas, Francesco da Barbarino, etc. Bib. de l'École franç. d'Athènes et de Rome, fasc. 35, pp. 56, 57.

⁴ Tesoretto, Nannucci, op. cit. p. 435.

Here we find the same decadence which overtook the poetry of Provence and of France. It was in the midst of such tendencies as these that the poets who wrought in the sweet new style rose and flourished, and gave to the world him who lived the New Life and who sang of its struggles and its triumph.

X.

DANTE was the greatest poet and the strongest champion of the school that formed the sweet new style. In the *Vita Nuova*, the *Volgari Eloquio*, and the *Commedia*, he maintains its superiority. Recognizing Guido Guinicelli as his poetical father, in so far as he was a writer of *rime d'amor*, Dante assigns as his own personal merit the quality of reality. "I am one who, whenever Love inspires, note and then sing what he dictates."¹ And, in fact, it is reality and mastery of style, rather than originality, which raise many of the lyrics of the *Vita Nuova* above those composed by his friends. We find in these poems the same formulas, the same figures of speech, the same motives, and the same philosophy that dominate the verse of Guido Cavalcanti and his circle.²

A brief analysis will illustrate the closeness of the relationship between Dante's youthful productions and the current poetry of his age, a relationship which has often been remarked but never sufficiently emphasized. This similarity will appear much more striking if we separate the verse from the prose and consider it by itself, for the narrative of all the circumstances which surrounded the composition of these poems endows them with a beauty that they would not otherwise possess, and gives them an appearance of novelty not their own. It will hardly be necessary to follow the order of ideas hitherto laid down. That Dante has employed all the conventions of his day is too obvious to require exemplification. Every reader will recall the passages. Love is represented as a god, as a feudal lord ruling over vassal lovers, as a helper of his faithful subjects;

¹ Purgatorio, xxiv. ll. 52-54.

² For an analysis of Guido's verse, vide Salvadori, *op. cit.* pp. 23-36; Il Trattato d'Amore, pp. 39 seq.

love is better than any other good; gentle ladies constitute the Court of Love; faithful lovers or gentle ladies are always addressed as a distinct class; the cause of love is beauty, which enters the eyes and strikes to the heart; its effects are grievous sickness and pain, sighs, pallor of countenance; the lover is always dreaming of his lady,¹ often so absorbed as not to perceive his surroundings; his feelings are in a whirl of contradictions; he trembles in his lady's presence, and loses control of himself; he fears detection; he worships her, and is completely submissive to her will; he loves to praise her, exalting her to the heavens; she ennobles him, and benefits all who see her; he begs for pity; the end of his passion is her most gracious salutation. It is obvious that hardly one of the conventional love-notions suited to his experience is omitted by Dante.

Considering the verse by itself, we find less than half of the poems which differ in manner or in thought from those of the Florentine School or of the Troubadours.

§ III. This is an address to lovers and those of gentle heart. Dante narrates his vision of Love feeding his lady with his burning heart, an incident which recalls a number of well-known stories.² The sending of such poems to be interpreted was not unknown in Dante's day.³

§ VII. This opens with the address to lovers. It is apparently a lament for the loss of his lady, though Dante explains it otherwise in his prose commentary. "My loss is the greatest of all," he exclaims. "Love, not through my goodness, but through his own nobility, had made me joyous, but now I have lost all."

§ VIII. 1st. A lament, calling upon lovers to weep because villainous Death has destroyed the beauty of a lady, and Love himself grieves.

¹ Not, however, as in the sensual dreams of the Troubadours. Scherillo, p. 11.

² *Vita Nuova*, ed. D'Ancona, pp. 32-36; Scherillo, p. 38.

³ Vide above, p. 117; also Gaspary, i. p. 80; Salvadori, p. 41; Scherillo, p. 8; cf. with Dante's vision, the Dragon in the *Dieu d'Amors*, ante, p. 62.

2d. A lament, abusing Death, telling the evil it has done in taking courtesy, virtue, and loving joyousness out of the world.

If it were not for the commentary it would be impossible to distinguish these pieces from the customary song of lament already illustrated.

§ IX. The poem contains a vision of Love, who directs the poet to serve a new lady. This particular experience, of course, belongs to Dante's life, but it comes under the general class of cases in which Love, in one form or another, gives the Lover advice and instruction.

§ XII. The Ballade is addressed (as was common among the Troubadours and Italian poets¹) and told to find Love and go with him to the lady in order to beg for pity, and to inform her that Love made the lover do what displeased her, that he has always been hers without failing; that if she orders him by messenger to die, he will obey. All this is thoroughly in the style of the Troubadours. He concludes with further instructions to the Ballade.

§ XIII. The poet, having stated that all his thoughts speak of love, proceeds to set forth his contradictory feelings and to beg for pity. This sonnet is wholly conventional.

§ XIV. He tells that his lady mocks him, but ought to have pity, for he explains that, on approaching her, Love drives out his spirits, and he changes appearance. We have met all these thoughts before.²

§ XV. The same topic. When he sees her he almost dies.

§ XVI. Often meditating on the grief of love, he thinks to heal his hurt by seeing his lady, but instead of being cured he is injured more severely. Here, again, we have the conventional situation.

§ XIX. He opens with an address to the ladies, then speaks of his lady, not to complete her praises, but merely to relieve

¹ MW. i. 329, 349; Nannucci, i. 27, 54, 66, etc.; vide ante, p. 126.

² Vide Scherillo, p. 54; also ante, p. 97.

his mind. An angel begs God that his lady should be called to Heaven, which lacks nothing else, but God replies that she must remain to console one who will say in Hell to the ill-fated ones: "I saw the hope of the blessed." (This has been tortured into a prediction of the *Divina Commedia*, but it has every appearance of a mere exaggerated contrast in the conventional manner. Moreover, Dante says nothing of the kind in the *Inferno*.) All who see his lady become noble or die; no one who speaks with her can end ill. Love says: "How can mortal be so lovely and pure?" Her color is pearl. Beauty proves itself by her. From her eyes issue spirits of love that strike through the eyes of the beholder and pass to the heart. No one can look fixedly at her. The canzone is addressed and told to go (avoiding the vulgar) to ladies and courteous men, who will send it to the poet's Lady. It cannot be necessary to call attention to the conventional elements here.

§ XX. Love and the gentle heart are one; Love the master, the gentle heart his mansion. Beauty in woman pleases the eye, and in the heart is born a desire which awakens the Spirit of Love. The same happens in the heart of woman. This philosophy is, as Dante states, that of Guido Guinicelli.

§ XXI. "My lady carries love in her eyes, and makes gentle that which she regards. Pride and rage flee from her; sweetness and humility are born of her words. When she smiles it is a new miracle." Here we have the same sort of praise as Guido Cavalcanti and other Florentine poets bestowed.

§ XXII. These two sonnets grow out of an event in the lady's life, and have no predecessors. They have nothing conventional about them excepting a few inevitable tricks of language and the hyperbole at the close of the second.

§ XXIII. This is a poem expressing an experience of Dante, which has no conventional model.

§ XXIV. This exalts his lady above two others, and contains a play upon words which recalls Chrétien de Troies and the Troubadours.

§ XXVI. A sonnet beautiful in diction, but conventional in thought. His lady's salute makes all tongues silent, while eyes dare not look. She is clothed in humility, a miracle. To him who sees her she sends a sweetness through the eyes to the heart, and from her lips moves a Spirit of Love that says to the soul: "Sigh."¹

§ XXVII. The praise is continued. The effect of her beauty is to render others noble, and to give them honor. Thinking of her gentle acts brings sighs of love.

§ XXXII. A truly original lament, differing in spirit from the usual forms, as can readily be seen from a comparison with his earlier pieces of the same kind (§ VIII). There are, of course, conventional elements, such as the address to the ladies at the beginning and end, and the idea that no vulgar heart can think of her, while all gentle souls must weep.

From this point the poems reflect events in Dante's life which have no parallel in the conventional love-system. They are therefore all not only original in thought, but largely original in manner. We note merely a few lingering conventional forms.

§ XXXIII. Address to gentle hearts,—sighs wander forth,—she has gone to a world worthy of her virtue. Perhaps there is so much of the customary figurative language here because the poem was written for another.

§ XXXIV. The first stanza is not very original. "When I think I can never see my lady again, I long for death," is its burden. In the second stanza, which Dante tells us expresses his own feelings, we have the glorious idea of the mortal beauty transfigured into spiritual beauty that spreads the light of love through Heaven.

¹ A. de Marueil, MW. i. 163; Mal o fas, cors, car te potz abstenere, Quant te parli de lieys, que non sospire.

§ XXXV. Love in the heart urging the sighs forth.

§ XXXVI. Personified Love.

§ XXXVII. Nothing conventional.

§ XXXVIII. Address to the eyes.

§ XXXIX. Thought speaking and dwelling with him, — soul and heart speaking together, — spirit of love from eyes to heart. As soon as Dante departs from his deepest feeling for Beatrice, he seems to employ more of this conventional imagery, common to Chrétien and others.

§ XL. Sighs from heart to eyes, — personified Love.

§ XLI. Others called upon to weep for the vacant city. (See reference to Cligès, p. 110.)

§ XLII. Address to ladies, — sigh from heart. In spirit it is without a model.

The consideration of the verse of the *Vita Nuova* apart from its prose, therefore, shows that up to the period of Beatrice's death Dante followed closely the models furnished by his predecessors and contemporaries. Not only does he use the same poetical vocabulary, as would, indeed, be inevitable, but he has the same feelings and ideas as the others. With the poems about Beatrice's death, we enter upon the truly original part of his youthful work. Conventional feelings are discarded under the pressure of that calamity. Even the poetical vocabulary becomes more thoroughly his own. His style has grown to be one that no Florentine School can write. It is the expression of his own character, his own experience, his inmost life.

The prose narrative, all written after the death of Beatrice,¹ partakes of the characteristic originality which distinguishes the later poems. Being a narrative of Dante's own life, it naturally has the merit which he claims for himself, that of reality, and for this very reason, by fitting all the poems into their proper place in his experience, it gives vitality even to

¹ See *Vita Nuova*, ed. D'Ancona, pp. xvii, xviii.

the conventional pieces of his early years. This advantage ought never to be overlooked in a critical consideration of the *Vita Nuova*. Imagine the songs of the most frigid of the Troubadours set exactly into his career, each conventional phrase explained as the outcome of real circumstances, the expression of real feeling, and note how they begin to pulsate with life. The legend of Guillem de Cabestaing and that of Jaufre Rudel throw upon their inferior pieces a beauty not their own, and the real history of Dante's inner life has immortalized some of his poems which are not superior to those written by several of his contemporaries.

§ I. At the very outset our interest is aroused by the words *Vita Nuova*. To the lovers of Provence their passion had often been the commencement of a new life. Rambaut d'Orange sings :

"With new heart and new desire, with new wisdom and new sense, and with a new beautiful manner, I wish to begin a good new poem ; and whoever receives my good new words will, indeed, be newer in his living, for an old man ought to be renewed by them." — *MW. i. p. 67.*

Many of these poets celebrate the change that came over them on meeting the beloved, but there is in Dante's statement a directness that carries a conviction of its absolute sincerity.

§ II. He meets Beatrice in the spring, trembles before her, becomes a faithful servant of the God of Love, and does all his commands. Here is all the old machinery, but how different the effect ! Not only do we have the addition of the mystic number nine, the scholastic doctrine of spirits, the grave seriousness of the Latin sentences, the ideal picture of Beatrice, but the story is told in so veracious a form that it is hard to doubt its truth.

§ III. The same remark applies with even greater force to this section, for here it is easy to compare the effectiveness

of the vision narrated in prose and the same in verse.¹ We may admire the condensed strength of the sonnet, but it might seem merely an exercise of fancy were it not for the prose account. It is this which convinces us that Dante really had that vision. There is a characteristic touch which exhibits the change that came over Dante's thought in his later years. The sonnet merely says that Love went away weeping: in the prose he carries the lady *toward Heaven*.

§ IV. The conventional love-sickness is vividly described.

§ V. The necessity of concealment has been often remarked. There are even cases in which one lady has been used as a screen for love meant for another.² But Dante here introduces corroborative circumstances in connection with the accident which suggested this subterfuge to him. The chance that the lady happened to be between him and Beatrice, and the reported words of the gossips which he overheard, are strong evidence of truth.

§ VI. A conventional poem of praise is mentioned.

§ VII. Here are stated the circumstances attending the composition of a poem, and they furnish its only title to originality.

§ VIII. The same remark applies to this section.

§ IX. The poem appears on the face of it to be an excuse for unfaithfulness in love. The prose narrative shows its connection with Dante's experience, and saves it from commonplace. Here, again, we note the superior convincingness of the prose account.

§ X. This same circumstance can be paralleled from the lives of the Troubadours,³ but the spirit of Dante's story is

¹ That this superior effectiveness is not owing to the fact of its being in prose is proved by § XXIII., where the narrative in verse is as free and unaffected as that in prose.

² See Biography of Guillem de Cabestaing, MW. i. p. 107; Folquet de Marseille, id. p. 316.

³ Bertran de Born, MW. i. p. 257; Pons de Capdueil, id. p. 337.

different, and the later circumstances corroborate the present one in such a way as to vouch for its reality.

§ XI. We are told the effects of his lady's salutation. These are the same as other poets have sung, but the way in which they are here set forth renders them more credible.

§ XII. This poem, and the idea of Love commanding and aiding the lover, are conventional. The episode derives its reality from the circumstantial narrative of the vision, and particularly from the conversation between the poet and the god.

§ XIII. In this poem the contradictory thoughts of Dante are conventional. In the prose we have the philosophical idea *Nomina sunt consequentia rerum*; the thought springing from the poet's sentiment, wherein he bases his faithfulness upon the stability of his lady, — "My lady is not as others whose hearts are lightly moved"; and also the thought, which had its roots in his character, that calling for pity is hateful to him. When the thoroughly conventional poem is compared with this prose, which embodies Dante's thinking and experience, it is easy to see how completely the originality of the first part of the *Vita Nuova* lies in the prose narrative.

§ XIV. Here, again, the prose, preserving the circumstances, saves the poem from commonplace.

§ XV, XVI. Though in these paragraphs there is nothing in the thought, either of the verse or of the prose, that differs from the customary ideas, yet the way in which the questions presented themselves to Dante shows that he did not merely follow the fashion of the day, but that from his own reflection he deduced the mode sanctioned by custom.

§ XVII. With this paragraph we pass to the praise of Beatrice, and we may stop here to summarize the results of our study of the previous sections. The verse, by itself, is hardly to be distinguished, excepting by an occasional excellence of style, from that of many other writers of the same

school. What raises Dante above all others is that he records his own experience, and the fact that he records his own experience is made evident in the prose narrative. He passed through the conventional states which fashion prescribed for all lovers, but while for others these were mere conventional states, for Dante they were real. It was from the fact that lovers actually trembled, suffered, dreamed, and praised, that this system of love arose; and while many wrote of these things simply because they were prescribed by precedent, Dante wrote of them because they were a part of his own experience. From his heart-struggles he could have formed a code of love, had none been in existence; he used the elements which he found ready to his hand only after they had been verified in his inner life. Yet, on the other hand, if he had not directly stated to us what he felt in these early years, we should hardly have guessed it from the formulas found in his youthful poems. His prose account of these beginnings of his new life is the evidence that he sang, not what fashion, but what love inspired.

§ XVIII. In this paragraph are narrated the circumstances that led Dante to speak no more of his own condition, but merely to sing the praises of his lady. He abandons all thought of himself, and with entire devotion adorns his ideal of her.

§ XIX. The circumstances here told are merely external. Dante's idea that he should address only gentle ladies shows that his praises will run in the conventional form. We are prepared, therefore, for the canzone that follows, which is an echo of the thoughts common to Bologna and Florence.

§ XX. There is nothing significant for Dante's inner life or experience in this paragraph. We learn, however, that his poems were made public as they were composed.

§ XXI. This is a mere comment on the accompanying sonnet, which contains, as we have shown, the customary ideas of the Florentine school.

§ XXII. This is an exact account of certain circumstances connected with the death of Beatrice's father, and leading to two sonnets. Dante is here so careful to give the occurrences just as they happened, and to explain the departure from the facts in the sonnets, that this one case would lead us to give credence to all that he narrates. It seems to be a typical example of the way in which the events of Dante's life were transmuted into poetry. Since he would gladly have questioned the ladies, if it had been proper, he writes as though he really had questioned them and received their answer, thus transforming his desire into a fact, and certain words that he overheard into a formal reply directed to himself.¹ As Dante is not here expressing his own emotion the phraseology is a little strained, particularly in the second sonnet;² but springing from a real event, they contain nothing in the conventional form.

§ XXIII. An account of a dream of Beatrice's death on the ninth day of Dante's sickness. The poem is a version of the prose. Both are of exceeding beauty. Here, in the first poem dealing with the death of Beatrice, we reach the absolutely original Dante. His love experience had been like that of others, and he expressed it in the current fashion. His soul experience after the death of Beatrice was one that he alone had passed through, and out of it grew the *Divina Commedia*. In the *Vita Nuova*, as soon as he speaks of Beatrice's death, he attains a power of utterance new to the world, and an originality of thought born of emotions beyond the reach of any but the choicest spirits.

§ XXIV. Dante returns to the praise of Beatrice with a

¹ E però che volontieri le avrei domandate, se non mi fosse stata riprensione, presi materia di dire, come se io le avessi domandate, ed elle mi avessero risposto. E feci due sonetti; che nel primo domando in quel modo che voglia mi giunse di domandare; nell'altro, dico la loro risponsione, pigliando ciò ch'io udii da loro. sì come lo m'avessero detto rispondendo. Ed. cit. p. 160

² e.g. Sarebbe innanzi a lei piangendo morto.

play upon words which he explains in the prose. His love, freed from all self-seeking, now makes him happy.

§ XXV. This explanation of his use of personification is another evidence of the reality of Dante's story.¹ If he feels it necessary to explain everything that is at variance with actual fact, surely that which remains unexplained must be absolutely true. His care here, and in § XXII., appears to us a strong corroboration of every fact stated in the *Vita Nuova*.

§ XXVI. Merely a prose version of the accompanying sonnet.

§ XXVII. A few words to connect this sonnet with the preceding.

§ XXVIII. The prose contains nothing significant.

§§ XXIX-XXXI. These three sections contain a dry statement of Beatrice's death, a consideration of the number nine, and the mention of a Latin letter. There are here two insoluble puzzles, and there is little that bears upon Dante's emotional experience.

§ XXXII. The prose is a mere introduction to the verse.

§ XXXIII. Here is stated a fact that led to the composition of the sonnet.

§ XXXIV. An explanation of the poem.

§ XXXV. A statement of the circumstances which make the sonnet intelligible.

§§ XXXVI-XXXIX. The episode of the *donna pietosa*. The prose is necessary to explain the verse, which would mean little if we did not know the circumstances which produced it. This same statement holds true of almost all the verse of the *Vita Nuova*. It is to be noted, however, that while the verses in the first sixteen sections would be interpreted as merely conventional love-songs or lamentations, those in this part could not be so regarded. There is none

¹ For its relation to the theory of love, see Goldschmidt, op. cit. pp. 22, 23.

of the conventional system here. We should know from the verses themselves that they refer to a real experience. Exactly what that experience was it requires the prose narrative to explain, although the sonnets in §§ XXXVIII. and XXXIX. might be understood by themselves.

§ XL. The return to Beatrice. None of these events are paralleled in the codes of love. The prose and verse together narrate an experience for which Dante could find no predecessor.

§ XLI. Bereaved lovers often called upon others to share their grief. Dante did not simply call upon others. He first saw these pilgrims, then thought of the circumstance, and afterwards spoke to them. Every poem is thus connected with the concrete reality.

§ XLII. We pass here to the *Divina Commedia*. These two ladies, for whom Dante strove to write something new, were apparently the occasion of that wonderful vision of which we are told in § XLIII.

To sum up the results of our study of the *Vita Nuova*: Dante uses the conventional system of the Troubadours and of his contemporaries, until he comes to the poems upon the death of Beatrice. This grief moves him out of the path of precedent; his feelings and his expression at once become original and without a model. The episode of the *donna pietosa* and his return to faithfulness to Beatrice also stand alone as the products of his own experience. That even the conventional poems are not merely conventional, but are also the products of his experience, we learn from the prose narrative, which is found to bear the marks of truthfulness. Our results thus confirm Dante's own judgment in the *Purgatorio*.¹ Asked by Buonagiunta da Lucca if he was the author of the poem *Donne ch'avete intelletto d'amore*, he replies: "I am one who, when Love inspires, note; and as he speaks within me, so do I express it." Thus he claims superiority on the ground

¹ § XXIV, 49-84.

that he sings only of his real experiences, and not according to the promptings of fancy or of fashion.

We have said that Dante used most of the conventional forms : let us see in what manner he transmuted them. There are, to be sure, many that are unchanged, excepting as their effect upon us is modified by our knowledge of the story into which they are fitted. Such are the following : Dante loves at first sight, his love being caused by beauty ; he seeks his lady, his mind is all given to thinking of her ; he falls into sickness, weeps and seeks solitude, calls upon Love to aid him, passes through the battle of diverse thoughts, trembles and becomes as one dead in her presence, professes absolute devotion ;¹ he writes appeals to her pity, hoping that they will reach her by chance ;² he addresses faithful lovers as a class, divides the courteous from the vulgar on grounds of love ; he reasons about Love as did Guido Guinicelli and Guido Cavalcanti, and praises his lady as they praised theirs.³

On the other hand there are certain conceptions and certain articles of the code of love which are so modified as to be original creations. It is to be noted that these are all to be found, not in the verse, but in the prose. Most prominent among them is the conception of the God of Love. The ideas borrowed from feudal relations have left few traces in Dante's phraseology, and the picture of a joyous youth surrounded by a gay court has given place to that of a veritable god. *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*, says the Spirit of Life. Thenceforth Love ruled Dante so that he compelled him to do all his pleasure, yet never without the faithful counsel of reason (§ II). Every time that Love appears visibly, he appears alone. In the first vision he is a lord of fearful aspect who comes in a cloud of fire (§ III). He speaks loftily in Latin,

¹ " Let her by messenger command me to die," etc.

² § XIV.

³ See §§ XX seq. and D'Ancona's edition, p. 197.

as he does again in a later vision, and his words are not easy to understand (§§ III, XII). In the second visit, Love as a pilgrim has a less impressive form and his words are simple and direct, but his sudden disappearance gives evidence of his divinity (§ IX). Again he comes, speaks obscure words, gives his son minute advice and vanishes (§ XII), to reappear a fourth time, though without definite features, in Dante's joyous season (§ XXIV). In each case the personification has a distinct meaning, as Dante himself tells us (§ XXV), and in each case, the figure has truly the characteristics of a great, powerful, and serious-minded divinity, instead of being a light creature of the fancy.

In harmony with this conception is Dante's introduction of the mystic number nine. Every great crisis of his love-story turns upon this number. Nine marks his first submission to Love, nine marks the first vision of Love, nine marks the hour in which Love declares himself as the center of a circle while his servant is not so. Of course this number is used when Love does not appear. The name of Dante's lady comes ninth among sixty (§ VI);¹ nine is the hour of the vision of Beatrice's death (§ XXIII), of her death itself (§ XXX), and of the return of Dante's soul from the *donna pictosa* to his blessed one (§ XL). It is also used as a symbol of the miraculous on account of its perfection as connected with the Holy Trinity (§ XXX). Such associations of religion and death would ill accord with any but the most ideal conception of the God of Love. They clothe this figure with an awfulness and a true divinity befitting the elevated character of Dante's feelings and separating his conception by a great gulf, not only from the frivolous youth who rules the garden of Love, but even from Guido Cavalcanti's terrible archer.² We are therefore justified in calling this a great original creation.

¹ This fact proves that the mystical number was connected with Beatrice after this poem had been written, probably after her death.

² Nannucci, *Manuale*, i. 266.

A second point is the exaltation of Beatrice. The Troubadours, poor court-poets praising powerful princesses, had established the convention of humble devotion on the part of the lover and exaggerated laudation of the mistress, who is almost always serene and untouched by passion. This convention was reinforced by the natural diffidence of love and its natural idealization of the beloved object, until it became an indispensable formula with every school. The Florentines, as we have seen, followed the example of Guido Guinicelli in carrying this idealization to great extremes, but in none of the others does it seem so real and so original as in Dante. At the first meeting, Beatrice is the glorious lady of his mind (§ II).¹ Her salute springs from ineffable courtesy, which has its fit reward in Heaven (§ III). She is the most gentle one, his beatitude, the destroyer of all vices and queen of virtue (§ III). When it pleases her to deny him her salute, he places all his happiness in those words which praise her (§ XVIII), though her praise is too lofty for his powers. The ensuing poems of laudation express the conventional formulas, though the prose gives even these some reality. Then comes Beatrice's death, and the praise of his lady on earth is carried over naturally and without a break to the praise of her in Heaven. Spiritual beauty had come to master Dante's love even before Beatrice passed "to live in Heaven with the angels and on earth with his soul."² This unhindered transition from this life to the next seems to us one of the most original, fundamental, and powerful achievements of Dante's genius. With it we leave the region in which flourish the multitudinous *Arts of Love* and pass into that which contains the solitary sublimity of the *Divine Comedy*.

Closely connected with this topic is the end of Dante's love. In the old system love was declared incompatible with mar-

¹ Here again it is, not the verse, but the later prose that furnishes the examples of originality.

² Conv. cap. ii. p. 111, Fraticelli.

riage: so it was to Dante, but for a very different reason. His passion was a passion of the soul, without a touch of any other element. No earthly relation could enter his thoughts. He does not mention the marriage of Beatrice, he even avoids naming things and places.¹ Not once does he mention Florence, and in his account of the places in which his experiences occurred, one may be by a river, another in a church, another in a garden or a room, but in no case are we told anything further of the situation. His book deals only with the states of his soul, and places and persons are mentioned merely as they effect such states. Actual localities and actual names — such a prominent feature of the *Divina Commedia* — have no relation with this idealism. The end of his desires, too, could be nothing less ideal. It must be a state of soul or something that affects his state of soul. We therefore find that, at first, Dante's happiness lay in his lady's gracious salutation, afterwards in those words which praised her, and finally in ecstatic contemplation of her transfigured spiritual beauty in Paradise.

How did his lady's gracious salutation operate upon Dante's soul? The first time that he received it, on the ninth hour of the day, he appeared to see all the ends of bliss and was taken with such sweetness as sent him inebriated from the people (§ III), and whenever his lady greeted him afterwards, he pardoned all his enemies, was filled with charity and humility, and to any question could answer nothing but "Love." The Spirit of Love also took possession of his body, so that he trembled and moved as a heavy inanimate thing, so that it appeared that in her salutation lay his happiness, which often surpassed and overflowed his capacity (§ XI).

Supreme happiness was also brought to him at a later time by the praise of his lady. Love appears saying: "Bless the day that I took thee, for thou oughtest so to do." His heart

¹ Gaspari, op. cit. pp. 231, 233.

is so light that he hardly recognizes it as his own (§ XXIV). When the people crowd to see his lady, he feels wonderful joyousness (§ XXVI). Love which was at first harsh to him, is now so tender within his heart, that his sighs beg for more benefit (§ XXVIII).

The death of Beatrice is at first simply a grief. Dante weeps and is envious of all who die, but in the midst of his sorrow comes the thought of his lady's spiritual beauty amongst the angels (§ XXXIV), and at length, after his backsliding, this conception has the power to lead him away from his lamentations to study in order that he may worthily treat of her.

As the whole book thus treats of the states of the lover's soul and of that which modifies or affects such states, all the conventional machinery of the *Arts of Love* is transformed to serve this new purpose. We have traced some of these changes; let us consider three others in which the alteration is most obvious.

1. The doctrine of love passing through the eyes to the heart.

This is woven into the structure of the *Vita Nuova* both in the verse and in the prose. It is first expressly stated in the Canzone of § XIX. "From her eyes, when she moves them, issue Spirits of Love that strike the eyes of whomsoever gazes at them, and pass till they find the heart." It appears again in §§ XX, XXI, and XXVI. But Dante is very careful that his words shall be taken in the most ideal sense, for, after stating that the mouth is the object of love, he takes pains to add: "In order to banish every vicious thought, let him who reads remember what is written above, that the salutation of this lady, which was the operation of her mouth, was the end of my desires while I was permitted to receive it (§ XIX).

2. The Courts of Love.

An echo of these mock tribunals is found in § XVIII. Up to this point Dante has addressed the faithful in love: from

now on he addresses gentle ladies. In the episode narrated in this section, there is indeed no case formally presented and argued, and there is no judgment rendered, but we have nevertheless many of the elements of the Courts of Love. One lady acts as spokesman for the whole company; she asks Dante about his love, there follows a consultation among the ladies, and then the same one asks for further information, and renders, if not a formal judgment, at least an implied reproof, and from that moment Dante sings in a different strain, one which carries out in practice what was contained in the words that this presiding lady had spoken. Instead of a decision which was feigned to be binding upon the lover, we have here a suggestion which operates in his soul and leads him voluntarily to do what his better nature commands.

3. Concealment.¹

According to Dante's own account, he took extraordinary pains to conceal the object of his love. Those who asked him about it, he calls "full of envy," and their question a "wicked asking." He feigned love to two ladies in order to further this purpose. Even after many knew his secret, he wrote "not telling the name of this most gentle one" (§ XXIII).

What was the name of this lady? We hold it to be certain that the *Vita Nuova* deals with the love of Dante for a real woman. The circumstances narrated of her life and death and the care that the poet takes to explain even slight variations from the reality² make any other hypothesis absurd. When Dante writes love-poems to Philosophy, he tells us that her eyes are her demonstrations and her smile her persuasive power,³ but we hear nothing of the kind about Beatrice. Moreover, Philosophy may give him pain and may seem dis-

¹ Vide Scherillo, pp. 56 seq.

² See pp. 139-141.

³ Conv. 2, xvi.; 3, xv.

dainful, but he never has anything to conceal in his love of her, nor would he in his pursuit of any other abstraction, — political, scientific, or religious.

There arises, however, the further question, was Beatrice the real name of Dante's lady, or did he, following the example of the Troubadours, give her this assumed name for the purpose of concealment? If we consider the verse, written during the progress of his love, apart from the prose, written after Beatrice's death, we find that during the whole period of concealment, her name is not once spoken. Why should it be thus suppressed, if it were not her real name? The first poem in which it appears is in § XXIV. This is a significant case, for Beatrice is mentioned in connection with another lady, and this second lady has two names, one real — *Giovanna* — and one assumed — *Primavera*. The name coupled with *Monna Vanna* is *Monna Bice*, that coupled with *Primavera* is *Amor*. After the death of Beatrice her name appears in the verse three times, §§ XXXII, XLI, and XLII. There was no longer reason for concealment; there would be no sense in the use of an assumed name.

The prose confirms the inference drawn from the verse. She was called Beatrice (she who blesses) even by those who did not know her name.¹ Thenceforth, even in the prose, she is, with one exception, "this lady," "the most gentle one," etc., until (§ XII) Love, in telling Dante to remit the disguise, speaks of "Our Beatrice." Her name occurs again in the scene of the mocking (§ XIV) and when the death of her father is told (§ XXII), both cases in which a writer would hardly think of using any but the real name. Again, after the vision of her death, Dante calls, "O Beatrice," but his voice is so broken with sobs that the ladies around could not understand his words. This fact would have no importance if Beatrice were not the real name of the lady. Thus from the

¹ Non sapeano che si chiamare, ii.

Vita Nuova itself, we draw the conclusion that Dante's lady was a real woman and that her name was truly Beatrice.¹

There is no difficulty in discerning the reason why the Troubadours concealed their love and thus established the conventional usage which was binding upon all lovers who followed the correct form, but Dante's reason is less obvious. We cannot think that he merely followed a course laid down for him by custom, since he expressly states that he did the will of Love, who commanded him according to the counsel of reason (§ IV). There must, therefore, have been some deeper thought.

In the first place there is the external motive that he might give annoyance to his lady, as he did to his second defence. Those who asked him about his love were full of envy and their question was with evil intent (§ IV). He is much comforted when he finds that his secret is safe (§ V). He is equally troubled when the fair defence departs (§ VI). Love appears and directs him to transfer his simulated love to another in such a manner that its character shall not be perceived (§ IX). Only when his lady denies him her salutation does Love come at the ninth hour and tell Dante to remit the disguise and disclose his love to Beatrice (§ XII).

External motives, however, play but a small part in Dante's soul-history. What he does is according to the promptings of his deepest feelings and thoughts. The commands of Love always represent some profound spiritual change in his nature. That such is the case in this matter of concealment, we should judge from grounds of general consistency and our interpretation of Dante's motives will be in harmony with this judgment.

During the whole period of concealment and for some time afterward, Dante's love had for its end his lady's gracious salutation, that is to say, it was not complete within his own

¹ The *Convito* also supports this view ; and the form and the words of Beatrice in the *Purgatorio* seem conclusive.

soul, but required the act of another to render it perfect. During this same period Love appears to Dante always in some form of sadness. In the vision of § XII, in which the god tells him that it is time to remit the disguise, he sighs and weeps as he looks upon him; and when Dante asks, "Why do you weep?" he replies in those enigmatical words: *Ego tanquam centrum circuli cui simili modo habent circumferentie partes: tu autem non sic.*

Love weeps out of sympathy with Dante, because he is not as the center of a circle. The man who is as the center of a circle, or, in other words, the self-centered man, finds the whole world harmoniously grouped around him. Every desire of his soul carries with it its own fulfilment. His happiness does not depend upon what any other being can do or say, for he is his own happiness. He has a serenity of soul which cannot be moved, while he works out his higher destiny *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*.¹

Dante was not so. He was worn with grief because his lady had denied him her salutation. There was no happiness for him when that was withheld, and Love, perceiving his sad case, wept and spoke those words that seemed so obscure.

Gradually the grief which Dante felt made his spirit stronger. After a few poems of complaint, he speaks no more of his condition; and then comes the great change. When one of the ladies asks him the end of his love, he replies that formerly it was his lady's salutation, but now, since it has pleased her to deny him this joy, his Master Love has placed his happiness in that which cannot fail him, in those words which praise his lady. Note the change. His happiness cannot fail, because it no longer lies in anything external to himself. He, too, has become, at least for the moment, as the center of a circle from which all parts of the circumference are equidistant. For the first time Love comes to him joyously, saying: "Bless the day

¹ Vide De Imitatione Christi. lib. i. cap. xxv, 10. Londini, 1879.

in which I took you, for you ought": and Dante's heart is so light that, in its new condition, it hardly seems to be his heart.

The bearing of this interpretation upon the motive of Dante's concealment is plain. While his love was imperfect, dependent upon Beatrice for its reward, it was his comfort to keep every envious person from knowing it. This was the dictate both of feeling and of reason. When the very concealment destroyed its own purpose and led to the denial of the salutation, it was time to end it, but alas! the love was not yet perfect, and the hapless lover was doomed to bear the mockery even of his own lady. When his spirit had been sufficiently chastened by suffering, he became self-centered and serene. Now, at last, he not only needs no concealment, but he actually uses every effort to publish his love. He is wonderfully glad when people crowd to see his lady, and he wishes even those who cannot see her to know of her all that words can tell (§ XXVI).

Dante's use of the conventional motive of concealment, therefore, like his use of all the other prescribed formulas of love, is characteristic and original, because it springs from his own experience and expresses the conditions and changes of his spiritual life.

Under the conventional phraseology and the conventional practices, we discover a beating heart and a living soul. Dante's love was imperfect at first, but it was so real and so absorbing as to open a new life. His sufferings and disappointments perfected his love, and he reached a stage of happiness. This, however, was not destined to endure. Beatrice died, and the lover found that he was not altogether as the center of a circle. He grieved exceedingly. Then he was unfaithful. Again rescued by grief, he gained a new conception, and Beatrice in Heaven guided his life. Then, indeed, his love was perfected and the New Life was fully opened.

We commonly call Dante's little book *The New Life*, as if therein were written the story of this life. The title is false. What Dante wrote was all under the rubric *Incipit Vita Nova*. It is not the new life, but the beginnings of the new life. Through all these experiences of struggle and suffering, he rose till he was able to live under the sweet influence of Beatrice in Heaven. That, at length, was the new life of which he here recorded the opening, and of which the last sonnet in the *Vita Nuova* marks the perfect fulness.

The story of Dante's New Life is not told in the *Vita Nuova*; it is told in the *Divina Commedia*. No conventional formulas could serve to express anything so unprecedented. He must write of his lady what was never said of any woman. His love led him to study. He sounded the depths of evil, he climbed the mountain of well-doing and vanquished his sins, the smile of Beatrice lifted him to the contemplation of God. Such was the New Life of which his first little book recounted the beginnings, and of which the full history is recorded in the allegory of the three canticles of his great poem.

Our study has exhibited the evolution of certain literary formulas from the rudimentary state to perfection. He who listened to the free dance-songs of the peasant girls in honor of the love goddess would never dream of Beatrice in Paradise. Yet the germs were there. The formulas developed by the Troubadours in praise of courtly mistresses, the subtlety of Chrétien de Troies, the theorizing of Guillaume de Lorris, and the codified principles of André le Chapelain seem like a fulfilment rather than a promise, — a fulfilment destined to fade in the dullest of allegory. But in the home of ancient culture a new vitality is given to the outworn forms. They speak the

actual thoughts of living men. Grasped by a great world-poet, they are adjusted to the deepest and tenderest experiences of his soul, until he bursts the fetters of all human conditions and, through the death of her whom he loved, is led to the fountains of eternal life.

VITA.

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